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any advertisement beyond the amount charged for it.
Communications and letters on business must be ad-
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POETRY.

THE RECALL.

BY MRS. J. H. HARRIS.

Alas! the king, the playful, and the gay
They who have gladdened their domestic board,
And cheer'd the winter hearth—do they return?

Joanna Hallin.

Come home! there's a sorrowing breath
In music, since ye went:
And the early flower-seconds wander by,
With mournful memories blent;
The sounds of every household voice
Are grown more sad and deep,
And the sweet word, Brothers, make a wish
To turn aside and weep.

Oh, ye beloved, come home! the hour
Of many a greeting tone,
The time of heart-light and of song
Returns and ye are gone!
And darkly, heavily it falls
On the forsaken room,
Burdens the heart with tenderness,
And deepens mid the gloom.

Where finds it you, our wandering ones?
With all your boyhood's glee?
Untamed beneath the desert's palm,
Or on the lone mid sea?
Mid stormy hills of battle old,
Or where dark rivers foam?
Oh! life is dim where ye are not—
Back, ye beloved! come home!

Come with the leaves and winds of spring,
And swift birds o'er the main!
Ope love's grown too sorrowful—
Bring us its youth again!
Bring the glad tones to music back—
Still, still your home is fair,
The spirit of your sunny life
Alone is wanting there!

DISSEMINARY.

The following is a part of an oration delivered recently in South Carolina by Thomas Grimke. It is a beautiful extract, and we commend it to the attention of our readers. Mr. Grimke is extensively known, and wherever he is known he is esteemed.—[Phil. Spy.]

"Our country! our whole country! how affecting are the ties which bind us to thee; how venerable is thy claim to our faithful services, to our purest affections! What indeed is our country but a parent, by obligations the most sacred and sublime; by associations the most delicate and comprehensive; by prospects the most animating and delightful! In our American creed, what article then is of higher authority, of deeper interest, of more enduring value, than the precept which commands us to reverence and love our country? Are we bound to Father and Mother, by relations which God himself has ordained and enforced? So are we to our country. Are we bound to our parents by all the sanctions of civil society, coeval with its origin, expanding in its progress, and destined to endure? Are we bound to Father and Mother by all those natural affections, which make them the most venerable of human beings, and home, the happiest spot upon earth? So are we to our country. The parents whom nature has given us, die, and are laid in the earth by the hands of their children; but our Fatherland protects us in life, and hallows our graves. Our Parents' country still survives her children. She is immortal. Shall we not then in the spirit of gratitude, reverence and love our country; engraven on our hearts some maxim not less beautiful in its moral, if we consult our own interest? And where shall we find a precept more venerable for its antiquity, more commanding in authority, than the inscription on the Table of Stone? 'Honor thy Father and Mother, that thy days may be long in land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' Our country is indeed a father, to be revered in the authority which commands our obedience; and a mother, to be loved with all the enthusiasm of gratitude and affection. No voice from Heaven has indeed proclaimed, amidst the thunders and lightning, and clouds of another Sinai, 'Honor thy country, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' No miraculous hand-writing has denounced against us the sentence of destruction for unfaithfulness to her commands for hypocrisy in our affections. No prophet or apostle has recorded with the pen of inspired truth, and by divine authority, 'Thy country is thy parent—by all that is most binding in duty, by all that is most eloquent and holy in love. But the voice of nature and testimony of all experience, the brightest and the darkest pages of history, the wisdom of philosophy, the energy of eloquence, and the enthusiasm of poetry, all attest the truth, 'Thy Country is thy Parent.'"

[From the Knoxville Republican.]
NAYMOYA.

A fragment of an Indian tale.—No sounds were heard, save the cry of the 'whippoorwill,' and the roar of the distant falls, which poured its liquid crystal over the cleft-rocks, and sent back its spray in a misty cloud, through which the moon was peering; the stars shone brilliantly, and their light was reflected back in a thousand varied forms from the bosom of Niagara's waters. It was a night in June, such a one as poets have often attempted to describe. It was so beautiful; the air was balmy and bore on its breath the odour of innumerable flowers.

Fond of musing in solitude, I had wandered far from human habitation; and as I looked upon nature in its wild variety through the faint light afforded by the eternal lamps, I thought of the

Wild Indians, who were once the lords and masters of this far spread land; Of the great Spirit which they worshipped; With awe-becoming reverence; of their wars When the fire spread a lurid glare among Those wilds; when the bound captive shriek'd for help; As vengeance gleam'd from the proud victor's eye.

And 'where are they now?' I involuntarily exclaimed. 'Where are they now,' re-echoed from the cavern rocks. The echo had scarcely died upon my ear when I heard the sound of footsteps. Starting, I beheld a female form. In another moment it stood before me. 'Where are you?' Thus saying she raised her head, and the rays of the moon fell on a countenance the most lovely I had ever beheld—her eyes beamed with intelligence from beneath a well turned forehead—which seemed like the storied Parian marble so pure and polished was its surface. 'Where are you?' she repeated. I answered in a trembling tone, 'I was thinking of the Indians; and I inquired of the place that once knew them—where are they now?' 'Fear not,' said she; 'prompted by a love of nature I have followed her to her wildest haunts.—Where are the wild redmen!—follow me, and you will see the last that remains of the Iroquois—the Hurons have faded away like the flower leaves of the sanguinary and the bright sets in the west on the wretched remnants of the Algonquin.'

I followed. The sound of the distant cataracts ceased to be heard; I looked round—the wide expanse of waters had sunk from my view.

Hitherto I had looked only on the face of her whom I now followed—I started as the moon light gleamed from a large war-knife that hung from her belt and fell on my eye, together with a bow and arrows which hung suspended from her shoulders, and the habiliments of an Indian warrior were her dress. I stopped and trembled. 'Why fear you?'—My eye was fixed upon the knife—in a moment it was drawn—a thrill of horror ran through my heart as its stained edge appeared in view when she brandished it. 'Fear not,' came in an encouraging tone—the knife was sheathed—a branch was plucked from a bush and given me as a token of faith. 'Follow,' and we proceeded.

After an hour's walk we entered a glen. Hills rose on either side, and a babbling brook poured its waters past. At the distant end a faint light broke on my view; a few moments more and we had entered a cabin. As we entered, a tall young Indian rose. Here, Oswingo, a wandering pale face, whom as I returned from chasing an elk, I found near the great water,' said my guide. Naymoya, why would you discover us to your people? Know you not that where the white man plants his foot-prints the Indian cannot live.' She told him all that happened—of my enquiry. He returned and walked to the end of the cabin, and returned with a pipe, and taking from his pouch a steel and flint, he ignited a piece of punk and lit it. 'Come smoke the calumet,' said he, 'and peace be with you.' I puffed away, and the smoke filled the cabin. 'I smell bacca,' said an old Indian, who till that time I had not observed; who, rising, threw off a buffalo hide and tottered towards me. 'A pale face,' he cried, as the blazing pipe knot was raised before me and as his aged eye flashed as he looked intently on me. I was shrinking with fear from his gaze, when Naymoya snatched the pipe from my hand and placed it in that of the old man.—'It is peace then, squaw,' said he, as he took it; and shortly the insence of an Indian's faith rose in curling volumes to the cabin roof.

'Look here, Oswingo,' said Naymoya, as she raised the knife from her belt, the red stain is on its edge. The elk lies dead near the great water—an arrow stayed his flight, and Naymoya's knife drank his life stream. Let us to the spot and bring home our prize.'

Oswingo having hung his knife in his belt, and swung his rifle, took Naymoya by the hand, & prepared to depart. I rose. 'Stay,' said the old Indian.—'Stay,' repeated Naymoya—I was earnest to follow. I confided your keeping to Tarvalaha,' she continued. I betrayed fear, and began to wish that curiosity had not drawn me so far. Oswingo discerned my feelings. He spoke. 'Pale face, a red man's faith is with you—stay, for an Indian's word is pledged you, which is true.' He waved his cap of eagle's feathers and soon with Naymoya was bounding over the hills towards the lake.

Oswingo and Naymoya had departed and I was alone with the old Indian.

'Begin the talk, boy,' said Tarvalaha, 'what of the white brethren?'

'All is well with them,' I replied.

'You're the first pale face I have seen since the war whoop died away over the big waters. Where met you Naymoya? She is one of your tribe,' continued the old Indian.

'And she a white woman? an Indian's wife?'

'Why, yes; she is the squaw of Oswingo, the eagle's eye, my son—the chief of the Iroquois—strong in battle.'

In my talk with the old Indian, I learned, that his son, in trading with the whites of a village near that of the Iroquois, had seen Naymoya. She was the daughter of a wealthy trader, and was of a romantic turn of mind. He became enamoured of her, and after the fashion of his tribe offered her father a thousand beaver pelts for her. The offer was spurned with indignation. She, on seeing Oswingo, who was of a most noble form and beautifully featured, felt a tenderness for the 'pretty Indian boy,' as she termed him. One day as she had wandered alone far from her father's house, when Oswingo, who was on his way from the village, spied her on a rock which overhung a small stream. He threw his arms aside, and bounding from the path, in a moment was at her side. She started, but on seeing him unarmed, and a smile playing on his countenance, she became calm. Oswingo plied his love with native artfulness, and plucking an aquilegia he pressed it to his lips and handed it to her; she put it in her bosom, and a token of an Indian's love responsive hung over her heart. She determined on accompanying Oswingo. From her early days till then she had been the child of nature, not upon the Indian character. She threw her bonnet from her head, and in a small basket placed a paper on which she had written her determination; and on the next day, with Oswingo, she entered the Iroquois village. The clamor of the tribe was raised against Oswingo, but his eloquence bore down all opposition, and Lucinda Reigart was hailed as his bride by the name of 'Naymoya,' the white feather of the eagle's wing. Her mother had died whilst she was yet in infancy; and her father had taken every pains to have her educated becoming the station he destined her to occupy in womanhood.—But the wildness of nature had surrounded her, and frequent intercourse with the Indians had inspired her with the idea of leading an Indian life. On her being missed, search was made, and on finding the bonnet and basket, her intentions became known. Her father immediately repaired to the Indian village, and finding his efforts in vain to draw his daughter from her purpose, he yielded to entreaties to remain, and the next council proclaimed him one of the Iroquois. 'He is with the great Spirit,' said Tarvalaha. 'One night he and I were crossing the big water in our canoes in chase of a moose, when she dashed over his, and he sunk. Since our tribe have moved over the great white hills; 'Why did you not go too?' I inquired. Tarvalaha looked intently on me. 'Boy,' said he, 'this was the land of my fathers; here I was taught to bend the bow and to raise the tomahawk; and the mound here holds the bones of Tawansha, my father. Boy, is not the home of the Indian as dear to him as the white man's?'

Tarvalaha was continuing, when a cry from a distance broke upon us, and was quickly succeeded by the report of a rifle.

Tarvalaha snatched his war hatchet, that cry was Naymoya's; he exclaimed; 'they have met Wakonda, the war loup; he continued 'follow,' and rushed from the cabin. His aged limbs seemed to have regained the activity of youth, as he climbed over the hills in the direction of the sound, and brandishing his hatchet in the air. We were scarce three hundred yards from the cabin when we reached a piece of cultivation which skirted the bounds of Oswingo's cultivation; having passed it we heard a cry of grief which directed us to the spot, where lay Naymoya with an arrow ranking in her neck, her fair face covered with blood, and over her, kneeling, Oswingo, in speechless agony.

'My son,' cried the old Indian, but no answer came. 'Oswingo of the eagle's eye! brave of the Iroquois, look up!'

'Look there!' said Oswingo, as he pointed to a small hill where lay an Indian stretched lifeless, 'there lies Wakonda; the cursed of the great Spirit. Look here! the bright feather of the eagle's wings is broken and he will soar no more—look here! and he raised Naymoya's head from the cold sod, whereon it was reposing, and wiping the blood from her face, he pressed it to his own; and raising her body in his arms, he bade us follow as he moved towards the cabin. The dead body of the Indian lay in our way, and as we crossed it Oswingo's eyes flashed as he looked upon it, and he swore by the spirit of Tawansha, that it should be food for the birds of the black spirit. We reached the cabin; a clean mat was spread in the middle of the floor, and the body of Naymoya was laid thereon. All was silence, our thoughts were too big for utterance.

It seems that Oswingo once looked kindly on Oquilo, sister of Wakonda; and was considered

a slight by Wakonda, his not making her his squaw. He threatened thereon to kill either Naymoya or him. So long as the tribe remained he was afraid to effect his purpose. He had been to the village of the whites to make sale of some skins, and as he returned he thought it would be a good opportunity to take the cabin of Oswingo in his way, and wreak his vengeance on him. His meeting him at the place was unexpected. Oswingo and Naymoya were bearing the dead elk, when she saw a shadow flit across the path, and looking up, she saw Wakonda with his bow bent from behind a tree; releasing her hold she rushed with a cry to Oswingo—the arrow intended for him, pierced her neck, and she fell lifeless at his feet. 'Twas but a moment, the rifle of Oswingo raised with unerring aim, and as Wakonda bounded across the path, the leaden messenger of death stayed his flight.

Morning came, and as the first rays of the sun broke from behind the white hills in the far east, we were journeying towards the mound where reposed the bones of the mighty ones of the past, to bury the body of Naymoya; and shrouded in the skin of the moose, the bright feather of the eagle's wing was laid to rest.

'Yankee Doodle.' An American gentleman in Paris, after giving an account of the Fourth of July celebration in that capital, adds: I must not forget to tell you how much we cheered 'Yankee Doodle.' At home we should have heard it with pleasure, but without cheering. Here, when it was struck up, it touched the electric chain that binds us all to the pleasant land we have left, and all seem to have been inspired by one impulse—to 'applaud to the very echo that should applaud again.' I know not whether the tune in the abstract be good or bad; but if music, like poetry, is to be praised according to the number of associations it awakens, or the images it renews. Yankee Doodle should have, with us, no parallel; and Von Webber never made such a strain in his life.

'Take a Scotchman from his hill' and at the ends of the earth tickle his ears with Auld Robin Gray or Auld Lang Syne, and it annihilates time and space. He 'treads the loved shore he sighed to leave behind.' He is back in imagination (which is reality)—as much as words are things, to the braesides, the heath, the bonn, the red-plaid, the blue-bonnets, the 'honest men and bonny lasses.' Or grind in the ears of a Swiss on the Cumberland Road, his unmusical *Ranzes Vaches*, upon no sweeter organ than a cart wheel, and he is no longer in the Alleghanies. He is among his Alps, in some red log cabin, with one end sunk into a mountain, and perched on a cliff so steep that he must ascend it with his hands and feet. Or he is beside some clear mountain-lake, a mirror of the Alps, or some water-fall or sheet of foam from their snowy summits.

I know not what are the images raised in the minds of others by 'that good old tune' of which I spoke, but to me it is the glass of Surrey's magician, and presents an image of beauty. It shows me a green land of long rivers and broad lakes—a land flowing with milk and honey—a land of steady habits, white churches, red schoolhouses, and many newspapers.

[N. Y. Jour. of Com.]

'Yankee versus Yankee, or how to collect a debt.'—A few days since a Connecticut Captain came into this port with a small vessel load of apples. While he was retailing them out, there came down to the vessel, among other customers, a hawk-eyed, open mouthed jockey, with an old spare-rib horse and inquiring the price, he agreed to take twenty bushels. Ten bushels were measured up and put into his wagon, when he said he would go up to his store and carry them, and come back for the remainder.

The Captain waited in vain for the purchaser to return, and at last began to suspect that he had been jewed. Three or four days passed away, and upon inquiry he found it was undoubtedly, a bad debt, a hopeless cause.—At last the Captain was informed that his customer was at the market stand, in Fore street with a wagon load of meat and vegetables.—A Connecticut Yankee is not slow for an adventure; so he rigged his mate out in his best attire and sent him up to make a purchase.—The mate fell in with the market man, and began to barter him for meat and vegetables.—Well, Captain, they are the first chop, and you shall have 'em cheap. At length the price was agreed upon for a couple of quarters of veal, a couple of bushels of potatoes, and a few cabbages. And now Captain, where will you have them? O just drive down the wharf by the side of my vessel. So down they went, and the articles were delivered and safely placed on board the vessel, when the Connecticut Captain poked his head up out of the cabin, and politely told his old customer that he would give him credit for these articles on the apple score. Johnathan after looking unutterable things awhile, wheeled about and marched off, muttering that if there was any law in the land he'd see if he couldn't collect it.

[Portland Courier.]

'Every Body has Bubbly Jock.'—The following anecdote of the late Sir Walter Scott has

a genuine appearance, and we do not recollect of ever seeing it published. A gentleman, in conversing with the illustrious author, remarked that he believed that it was possible that perfect happiness might be the lot of somebody or other. Sir Walter dissented. 'Well,' said the gentleman, 'there is an idiot, who, I'm certain will confirm my opinion: he seems the very best ideal of animal contentment.' The daft individual was snoring along, humming to himself, when Sir Walter Scott addressed him, 'Weel, Jamie, hoo are ye to day?' 'Blawley, ou blawley,' answered he. 'Now Jamie, have ye plenty to eat and drink?' 'Ou aye.' 'And keep you warm?' 'Ou aye.' 'And are a, the folks kind to ye?' 'Ou aye.' 'There,' said the poet's antagonist, crowing, 'is a perfectly happy creature!' 'Not so fast,' continued Sir Walter. 'Is there naething, Jamie, that bothers ye at a?' 'Ou aye,' said the idiot, changing his merry look, 'there's a muckle Bubbly Jock that follows me wherever I gang.' 'Now,' said Sir Walter, 'you see by this, that the very simplest and stupidest of mankind are haunted by an evil one of some kind or other—in short every one has his Bubbly Jock.' [Edinburgh Evening Post.]

'Advertising a Wife.' We saw in some honest paper, not long since, an editorial determination that no more advertisements should be published in that print, from husbands' advertising their wives. This was a good resolve and one which ought to be widely adopted by our corps. In the majority of instances, the man who thus exposes his consort, is a worthless and malignant fellow—whose own deficiencies in duty have made his home unpleasant, and has driven his companion to a point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue. Miscreants of this sort should not be allowed to have a medium wherein their spleen may be vented, even at the rate of 'a dollar per square for three insertions.'

It may happen sometimes,—once in a long while,—that some softly husband has caught a tartar in his matrimonial bargain, and that all his efforts for tranquillity are unavailing; that he cries peace, when there is no peace. We recollect one such unfortunate, who came into the office of this Gazette, and stated in a sad and quiet way,—looking meanwhile the very picture of meekness,—that he wished to advertise his spouse.

We remonstrated with him on the impropriety and unkindness of the measure, and desired him not to expose in that way, one whom he had vowed before the holy man, to protect—the wife of his bosom, and an amiable woman. He started nervously, advanced to the window, and pointing with the fore finger of his right hand to his face, he exclaimed—'Aimable! Thunder and Omens!—look at my eye!'

It must be confessed that the optic was exceedingly black, and a blue hazy outline, like the purple hue of a rainbow, extended into the cheek, and completely spoiled the respectable appearance of that portion of his visage. This was a knock down argument; and we took his dollars and his notice, without compunction. [Philadelphia Gazette.]

Who in Virginia has not heard that Mr. Pleasant is once met the late Mr. Randolph, no doubt with the intention to insult him, thus accosted him—'I never give way to a d—d rascal.' At which Mr. Randolph, stepping aside, promptly replied—'I always do sir.'

'Modern Blue Laws.'—The blue laws of Connecticut have long been a source of mortification to the citizens of the present day; and it is not generally known that some of the early acts of the legislature of Pennsylvania are equally queer. About the year 1680 or 81, the legislature passed a resolution that no member thereof should come to the house barefoot or eat his bread and cheese on the steps.

'Cure for Consumption.'—A late number of the New England Farmer contains a letter from James Walker of Fryeburg, Me. and a certificate from his nephew, who was last spring so far overcome by the consumption, as to be given over by his physician,—which states that by inhaling the fumes of the chlorate of lime, his health was so far improved in twelve days that he was able to ride a mile on horseback.—Mr. Walker was induced to try the experiment, from having read of the successful experiment of Dr. Cotterell in Paris with this medicine.

'Temperance Anecdote.'—'What is the matter with you,' said a gentleman to an old Dutchman, as he was crossing Johnson's Square, a short time since, 'I got de rheumatis.' The gentleman advised him to rub himself with Brandy until it penetrated well.—'Oh man I dosh petter as dat,' replied Mynheer, 'I driks de prandy and den I rubs my leg mitte pottle.

'Meaning of "Deficient."—'Have you obtained a good character to day, sir?' said a gentleman the other day, to a little fellow just out of school. 'No, sir,' was the reply, 'I have been deficient.' 'And what is the meaning of deficient?' inquired the first. 'It means when you get a licking,' answered the boy.

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AND SPIES OF THE AGE.**

IT is very philosophically observed by Addison that
our greatest pride arises from doing good to each other,
or, in other words, from being individually serviceable to
society. This can be best effected by a proper applica-
tion of our intelligence, meeting them at the necessities
of the community, and less lamenting the decline of
public virtue than checking the progress of public vice.
The direction and discussion of the daily press, the full
application of Addison's remark is necessarily neglected,
and the consequence is, that vice, shielded by wealth and
worldly influence, are abroad among the people, not only
unrestrained, but courted and encouraged; and that a
publication is necessary which will not only detect, but
exhibit those vices in sheep's clothing to public view, re-
mark by which others will be warned from their in-
tention and service be rendered to society. In effecting this
object we shall pursue a yet untrodden path; and where
the necessary there shall be mingled (not concealed) the
Philadelphiaian shall be perfectly delicate, and uncontam-
inated by cant or vulgarity; its satire shall be judicious,
its satire chaste. Literature, and the arts shall find in it
an untiring and zealous friend: Dramatic and Literary
criticism shall meet with most attentive and impartial
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etical column will add another, coming from an al-
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their decision respectfully but confidently.

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ventures of Barney Mahoney; Clan Albin, a
Scottish Novel; Marriage in high Life; The
Mourning Ring; A Year and a Day; The Up-
start, an original Tale; Cyril Thornton; Mademoi-
selle De Seudier; Schrifenstein Castle; The
Sisters; &c. &c.

The publishers have offered five hundred
dollars for the best American Novel. The pe-
riod for receiving the articles which will be of-
fered in competition for the premium has nearly
approached, and the probability is from the
numerous applications received on the subject,
that the best means will be afforded of select-
ing one highly calculated to enhance the present
celebrity of the work. The unsuccessful novel-
ists are to be returned at the discretion of their
different authors.

The price of the Magazine is five dollars per
annum, payable in advance. A more particu-
lar and general description of its appearance and
character will be afforded by application to the
publishers. C. ALEXANDER & Co.
Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place Phil.

THE BOOKS
Flowers of Polite Literature;
DEVOTED TO ORIGINAL AND SELECTED TALES,
LEGENDS, ESSAYS, TRAVELLING AND HIS-
TORICAL MISCELLANY, AND POETRY.
EMBELLISHED MONTHLY WITH A PIECE OF
FASHIONABLE MUSIC FOR THE PIANO-
FORTE; OR, AN ENGRAVING
QUARTERLY.

PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY,
BY JOSEPH HURLBUT.

EDITED BY
AN ASSOCIATION OF GENTLEMEN.

VOLUME III. FIRST NUMBER, JULY 6.
EACH number will contain Eight large quar-
to pages of valuable and interesting matter on
a super-royal sheet of fine paper, embellished
Monthly with a piece of Fashionable Music for
the Piano Forte, or an Engraving Quarterly, or
BOTH as we may hereafter decide. A hand-
some Title Page and Index will be furnished,
and the work at the end of the year will form
a beautifully printed volume of Two Hundred
and Eight pages. It will be done up in strong
wrappers, and forwarded by the earliest mails.
TERMS.—One Dollar and Fifty cents per
annum, in advance, or One Dollar and Seventy
five Cents, if not paid till the end of the year.

Post Masters and Agents who shall take 5
copies, will receive them for \$5 in advance, and
at that rate for all over five. Any person send-
ing ten subscribers, and \$10 in advance, shall
receive the eleventh copy gratis.
The very low price of this paper will require
a strict adherence to the terms.
All Letters of business, and remittances must
be made to the Publisher.
Communications may be directed to the Ed-
itor.

Postage, in all cases, must be paid, oth-
erwise it will be charged to those neglecting it.
Hartford, Connecticut, June 1, 1833.

Sheriff's Sale.

TAKEN on Execution, the same having
been previously attached on the writ, all the right,
title, interest and equity of redemption, which
William Morse, has of redeeming a Shingle
Machine and the building, water privilege and
Land, on which the same is situated, in Rum-
ford at the falls, on the Androscoggin River,
and will be sold at public vendue at Levi Ab-
bots Tavern, in said Rumford, near the prem-
ises on Saturday the 12th day of October next
at 10 o'clock A. M.

N. MAYHEW, Jr. Dep. Sh'ff.
Sept. 5, 1833.

SALE OF PUBLIC LANDS IN
THE COUNTY OF OXFORD.

THE township of land numbered one in the second
range, and the south half of township numbered one, in
the third range of townships west of Bingham's Re-
serve Purchase, will be offered for sale, at public ven-
due, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, on Tuesday the first
day of October next, at the Augusta Hotel in Augusta.
One fifth of the purchase money to be paid on the deliv-
ery of the deed, within thirty days from the sale, and
the remainder in four equal annual payments with an-
nuity, to be secured by notes with sufficient securi-
ties, or by a lien on the land and timber. Satisfactory
assurances that the terms of the sale shall be complied
with, will be required.

DANIEL ROSE, Land Agent of Maine.
August 1, 1836.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ST.
TREASURER'S OFFICE,
Paris Sept. 10, 1833.

NOTICE is hereby given, that at a meeting of the
County Commissioners held and holden at Paris with-
in and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of
June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hun-
dred and thirty three. The said County Commis-
sioners, at said meeting, on the Petition of James Rangeley
and others, assessed a tax of one and a half cent per
acre on twenty-one thousand eight hundred and sixty
acres of land lying and being in Township No. 2, 2d
Range in said County of Oxford, amounting to three
hundred twenty-seven dollars and ninety cents, and
Ordered, that said sum of \$327.90 so assessed, be expen-
ded in repairing the County road laid through said town-
ship.

The proprietors and owners of said land in said town-
ship No. 2, 2d Range are hereby requested to pay said
tax to Alanson Mellen, Treasurer of said County of Ox-
ford or his successor in said Office within six months
from the date hereof, and unless said tax is paid within
that time, so much of said land as will pay said tax and
all necessary incidental charges, will be sold at public
vendue at the Court House in said Paris on the twelfth
day of March 1834 at ten of the clock in the forenoon.

ALANSON MELLEN, Treasurer of said
County of Oxford.

To the Commissioners for the County of Som-
erset.

THE undersigned inhabitants of the town of
Kingfield, the unincorporated plantations of Jeru-
salem and Dead River settlements, in the
Counties of Oxford and Somerset, respectfully
represent, that in their opinion the public inter-
est requires that a road be laid out leading
from Kingfield Mills, in the County of Som-
erset, on the nearest and the best route to Eustis'
Mills, on Dead River, in the County of Ox-
ford, and pray that proper measures be taken
for the same.

CHARLES DOLBIER, and 66 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

SOMERSET, ss.—Commissioners' Court,
March Term, 1833.

On the foregoing petition, satisfactory evi-
dence having been received that the petitioners
are responsible, and that they ought to be heard
touching the matter set forth in said petition, it is
ORDERED, That the County Commis-
sioners meet at Kingfield Village, on Tuesday the
22d day of Oct. next, at 10 o'clock A. M.,
and thence proceed to view the route mentioned
in the petition. Immediately after which view
a hearing of the parties will be had at some
convenient place, and such further measures taken
in the premises as the Commissioners shall
adjudge proper. And it is further ordered that
the petitioners give notice of the time, place
and purposes of said meeting to all persons and
corporations interested, by causing attested cop-
ies of the petition and this order thereon to be
served upon the County Attorney and chairman
of the County Commissioners of the County of
Oxford and upon the Town-Clerk of Kingfield,
and by posting up attested copies of the same
in three public places in said town, thirty days
before the time appointed for said view—and
also by publishing this petition and order
thereon three weeks successively in the Skow-
hegan Sentinel, a newspaper printed in Milburn,
in Portland, and in the Oxford Democrat, a
newspaper printed at Paris, the first publica-
tion to be thirty days before the time of said
view, that all persons and corporations interest-
ed may attend and be heard if they think proper.

Attest—E. COBB, Clerk.

A true copy of the petition and order thereon.

Attest—E. COBB, Clerk.

CHAISES, SLEIGHS, &c.

THE Subscriber has established himself at Stowell's
Mills, South Paris, where he carries on the COACH
and CHAISE Making business in all its branches, in the
most fashionable style and the best manner. Carriages
repaired and painted at short notice and on reasonable
terms. For sale, one good second hand Chaise and Har-
ness, and two common Waggon.

Aug. 5, 1833. 6m] ROBERT SKILLINGS.

GOOD & CHEAP.

JAMES LONGLEY offers for Sale at his Store in
South Paris, a good assortment of English, French, Do-
mestic Dry Goods, and Groceries.
Crockery, Glass, and Hard Ware. Said goods are
new and fresh, and will be sold at an advantage, quite as
low as Portland prices, except heavy articles, such as
Molasses, Salt, &c.

Cash Paid for Corn, Butter, and Lamb Pelts.
South-Paris, August 27, 1833.

WANTED,
EIGHT OR TEN APPRENTICE GIRLS to the tail-
oring business. None need apply unless well recom-
mended.
Norway Village, Aug. 12.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR THE
ITCH!!

HOWEVER inveterate, in one hour's application, and
no danger from taking cold, by using DUMFRIES'
OINTMENT. This preparation, for pleasesness, safety,
expedition, ease, and certainty, stands unrivalled for
the cure of this troublesome complaint. It is so rapid,
greases disorder most effectually in one hour's applica-
tion only!

It does not contain the least particle of mercury, or
other dangerous ingredient, and may be applied with
perfect safety by pregnant females, or to children at the
breast. Price 37 1/2 cents a box, with ample directions.

DUMFRIES' REMEDY FOR THE
Piles!!

THE Proprietor begs leave to recommend (which he
does with the fullest confidence) one of the most valua-
ble remedies for this troublesome and painful complaint.
Without going into detail, he deems it enough to say,
that it has more completely answered the purpose, for
which it is intended, than any other popular medicine,
to all conditions, ages, and sexes. Full directions, de-
scription of the complaint, &c., accompany each packet.
Price \$1 for the whole, or 50 cents if but one of the
articles is wanted.

None are genuine unless signed on the outside
printed wrapper, by the sole proprietor, T. KIDDER.
For sale at his Counting Room, over No. 99, Court-st.,
near Concert Hall, Boston, and also by his special ap-
pointment, by E. LIVERMORE, Norway Village, who
has also for sale all of the justly celebrated medicines
prepared by him.

Aug. 5.

Particular
Notice!

THE subscriber requests

all persons whom he has demands against, ei-
ther note or account to call immediately and
settle; and it must be distinctly understood,
that all demands that remain unsettled the first
day of January next, will be left with an AT-
TORNEY. All demands less than ten Dol-
lars, immediate payment will be expected.

N. B. There will be some one employed
at the house of the subscriber to attend to this
business on Friday's & Saturday's, of each week
until the time expires.

JACOB TEWKSBURY.
East-Oxford, August 25, 1833.

Lost!

ON the 9th or 10th of

May last, a small light colored leather Wallet,
containing one piece of Gold coin of \$2.87,
from one to three Dollars in paper, a note of
eleven Dollars, running to the subscriber given
on or near the 24th day of April last signed by
Ezra and Sullivan Fuller, and payable October
next, also some other papers of minor im-
portance. Whoever will return said Wallet,
and its contents shall be handsomely rewarded by
SIMEON WALTON.
Paris, September 4, 1833.

Sheriff's Notice.

OXFORD, ss:

TAKEN on execution

and will be sold at public vendue, on Saturday
the twelfth day of October next, at three o-
clock in the afternoon, at the Inn of Wil-
liam Estes in Bethel, all the right and equity
which Timothy H. Swan has to redeem the
right in equity to redeem certain real estate sit-
uated on Bethel hill, so called, in said Bethel,
bounded as follows viz: southwesterly by land
owned by John Harris, westerly by land owned
by the heirs of Jacob Ellingwood, northerly by
land owned by Ezra T. Russel, and easterly
by the County road. Said real estate having
been mortgaged by said Swan to one Amasa
Clark, of said Bethel, for security for the pay-
ment of about one hundred and eighty six dol-
lars, and the right of equity to redeem the same
having been sold to the said Clark for the sum
of seventy six dollars.—Terms made known at
the time and place of sale.

TIMOTHY WIGHT, Dep. Sh'ff.
Bethel, Sept. 11, 1833.

A TOWNSHIP OF LAND ON THE AN-
DROSCOGGIN WATERS.

ON THURSDAY, the 3d of October, at 12
o'clock A. M. at the office of GEORGE WIL-
LIS, in the town of Portland, Me.—Will be
sold at PUBLIC VENDUE the whole of
Township No. 4 in the third range between
Bingham's purchase and the New Hampshire
line in the county of Oxford containing 21,000
acres as per survey of Ballard & Porham in the
year 1794.

This township is situated south of latitude 45
degrees, and north of lake Moosetomaquonic,
into which empties the river Keepsuatic, which
runs through the middle of the township from
the northwest corner thereof to the south line,
and which together with its tributary streams,
and the stream Kennebecago (running through
the east part of said town) afford good naviga-
tion for floating timber into the lake and down
the Androscoggin river.

This township has advantages supposed equal
to any unsettled town in the State, the particu-
lars of which will no doubt be ascertained by
those who desire to purchase. The terms will
be liberal and made known at the place of sale.
Title unquestionable.—Further particulars may
be known by enquiry of Wm. Willis, Portland.
Sale without reserve.

GEORGE WILLIS, Auctioneer.
Aug. 29, 1833.

Last Notice.

THE subscribers having

relinquished business in this town, and being ab-
out to leave the place, hereby call upon all
persons indebted to them to make immediate
payment. The creditors of the subscribers are
pressing hard upon them and they have no way
to meet the demands against them, but by call-
ing upon such of their former customers as are
still indebted. This notice should not be disre-
garded, for we must and shall collect our debts;
and all concerned are assured, that our books
and notes will be left with an attorney for set-
tlement, from and after the first day of Novem-
ber next.

FORD & THAYER.
Paris, Sept. 6, 1833.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the
County of Oxford, on the twenty-seventh day of Au-
gust three.

SAMUEL F. RAWSON Administrator of the estate of
JESSE KNIGHTS, late of Bethel, in said County, de-
ceased, having presented his second account of admin-
istration of the estate of said deceased.

Ordered.

That the said Administrator give notice to all persons in-
terested, by causing a copy of this order to be published
three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat print-
ed at Paris in said County, on the third Tuesday of
October next at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and
show cause, if any they have, why the same should not
be allowed.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.
Copy, Attest: JOSEPH G. COLK, Register.

THE PHILADELPHIA
SATURDAY COURIER,
The Largest Journal printed in the
United States,
At \$2 per annum.

IF it most generally oc-

curs that the path of a public journal to popu-
larity and success lies through years of toil and
attention, and that the approbation of the pub-
lic is of a slow and precarious growth, and
does not in all cases reward the enterprise of
the cultivator, it is chiefly ascribable to the want
of that judgment and discrimination so essen-
tial to that end, and which seldom fail to obtain
a just remuneration: This observation is fully
confirmed by the experience which the Proprietors
of the Saturday Courier have hitherto
enjoyed. Knowing the causes which have im-
peded the progress, and frequently terminated
the very existence of many newspaper journals,
they were enabled to avoid them, and in an un-
usually short period to see the triumph of their
opinions and exertions in an extent of circula-
tion, which whether regarding numbers of rap-
idity, is equally flattering. This circulation has,
in less than two years, increased to up-
wards of seventeen thousand copies, and all
still continues to increase in favor and utility.

The advantages possessed by the Courier
are peculiar to itself, and are equally apparent
in every branch of its miscellaneous contents,
which are always novel and useful, entertaining
and instructive.

LITERATURE.—This department of the
Courier is under a watchful and spirited super-
intendence, so that no paper unpossessed of de-
cided merit, is admissible. On a recent occa-
sion a PRIZE TALE was published, for which
the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS
was paid, and, to secure original and sterling
contributions, other inducements have been
offered. The correspondents of the Courier
are numerous and distinguished. Among
them are Miss Leslie, (whose writings are the
theme of European as well as American admi-
ration); R. P. Smith, Esq., so advantageously
known as a Dramatist and Novelist; Mrs. C.
L. Hentz, author of De Lara, the successful
price tragedy; Miss Bacon, the author of the
pathetic tale "Love's Martyr;" and many oth-
ers, who, under fictitious signatures have ob-
tained very distinguished celebrity. Added
to these high sources of original contributions,
their exchange list includes the most valuable
American journals, whilst from abroad they regu-
larly receive Bulwer's New Monthly, Camp-
bell's Metropolitan, Fraser's Magazine, Lon-
don Literary Gazette, Blackwood, La Bella
Assemble, World of Fashion, United Service
Journal, &c. and through Mr. Wilmer, their agent
at Liverpool, the choicest of the English
papers, including the John Bull, Bell's Life in
London, &c. &c.

NEWS.—The strictest attention is bestow-
on this subject. Aware of the importance of
the political events which are daily occurring,
changing alike the manners and the institutions
of the world, the proprietors invariably furnish
all foreign intelligence to the latest dates, and
when its nature warrants it, an extra is published.
Our domestic affairs are assiduously ob-
served and carefully communicated, and in ad-
dition to a minute statement of local transac-
tions, a synopsis of events passing in all parts of
the country is regularly prepared and published.

HUMOROUS SUBJECTS.—Could the
philosophy of mirth be discussed, or rather ex-
hibited within the limits of a prospectus, the
necessity of admitting its claim to a portion of
every newspaper, would be minutely under-
stood; but the good old motto "dum vivimus
vivamus," will be sufficient reasoning for those
who value the best part of existence.

The COURIER will, as usual, contain the
newest and most piquant anecdotes, bon-mots,
and witty recitals, all tending to fill up the leisure
moments of the man of business with rational
pleasure, and to increase that of the man of
fashion.

The EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT em-
braces reviews of new publications, notices of
the fine arts, &c.; remarks on general topics,
descriptions of public improvements, amuse-
ments, &c.; discussions of suitable subjects,
dramatic criticisms &c. This department
has been, and will continue to be conducted in
a spirit of independence. Whatever comes fairly
within observation, shall be fairly dealt with,
and no station or influence will deter the prompt
and decided expression of unbiased opinion.

In fine, the SATURDAY COURIER is
the largest, cheapest, and most diversified, en-
tertaining, and instructive weekly newspaper
issued from the American press. The publish-
ers claim for its contents a character of vigor-
ous originality, judicious selection, extensive
variety, and interesting detail; and they invite
comparison with cotemporary publications.

All orders for the paper, covering the neces-
sary enclosures, must be addressed to

WOODWARD & SPRAGG,
No. 2 Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place,
Philadelphia.

PREMIUMS.

Persons procuring five subscribers to this pa-
per, and forwarding the amount of a year's sub-
scription, Ten Dollars, will be entitled to a sixth
copy gratis.

Persons forwarding ten subscribers, and re-
mitting \$30, will be entitled to an extra copy
and a discount of 10 per cent.

Persons forwarding 15 subscribers, and \$30
will be entitled to an extra copy of the paper,
and a copy of Lord Byron's Works, Sir Walter
Scott's Works, or any other work of a simi-
lar character and value, which may be preferred.

Uncurrent notes of solvent banks received
at par.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME 1.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1833.

NUMBER 7.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY
MILLET & KING.
TERMS.—One dollar and seventy-five cents in ad-
vance.—Two dollars at the end of the year.
No paper discontinued till all dues are paid, but at the
option of the Publishers.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms;
the proprietors not being accountable for any error in
any advertisement beyond the amount charged for it.
Communications and letters on business must be ad-
dressed, Post-paid.

POETRY.

THE RECALL.

BY MRS. HENRY.

Alas! the light, the playful, and the gay
They who have gladdened their domestic board,
And cheer'd the winter hearth—do they return?
Joanna Ballin.

Come home! there's a sorrowing breath
In music, since ye went:
And the early flower-scents wander by,
With mournful memories blent;
The sounds of every household voice
Are grown more sad and deep,
And the sweet words, Brothers, make a wish
To turn aside and weep.

Oh, ye beloved, come home! the hour
Of many a greeting tone,
The time of heart-light and of song
Returns and ye are gone!
And darkly, heavily it falls
On the forsaken room,
Burdens the heart with tenderness,
And deepens midst the gloom.

Where finds it you, our wandering one?
With all your boyhood's glees?
Or on the lone mid sea?
Mid stormy hills of battles old,
Or where dark rivers foam?
Oh! life is dim where ye are not—
Back, ye beloved! come home!

Come with the leaves and winds of spring,
And swift birds o'er the main!
Our love is grown too sorrowful—
Bring us the youth again!
Bring the glad tones to music back—
Still, still your home is fair,
The spirit of your sunny life
Alone is wanting there!

MISCELLANY.

The following is a part of an oration deliv-
ered recently in South Carolina by Thomas
Grimke. It is a beautiful extract, and we com-
mend it to the attention of our readers. Mr.
Grimke is extensively known, and wherever he
is known he is esteemed.—[Phil. Spy.]

"Our country! our whole country! how af-
fecting are the ties which bind us to thee; how
venerable is thy claim to our faithful services, to
our purest affections! What indeed is our
country but a parent, by obligations the most
sacred and sublime; by associations the most
delicate and comprehensive; by prospects the
most animating and delightful! In our Ameri-
can creed, what article then is of higher out-
rity, of deeper interest, of more enduring value,
than the precept which commands us to rever-
ence and love our country? Are we bound to
Father and Mother, by relations which God
himself has ordained and enforced? So are
we to our country. Are we bound to our pa-
rents by all the sanctions of civil society, coe-
val with its origin, expanding in its progress,
and destined to endure? Are we bound to
Father and Mother by all those natural affec-
tions, which make them the most venerable of
human beings, and home, the happiest spot up-
on earth? So are we to our country. The
parents whom nature has given us, die, and are
laid in the earth by the hands of their children;
but our Fatherland protects us in life, and hal-
lows our graves. Our Parents' country still
survives her children. She is immortal. Shall
we not then in the spirit of gratitude, reverence
and love our country; engraven on our hearts
some maxim not less beautiful in its moral, if
we consult our own interest? And where shall
we find a precept more venerable for its anti-
quity, more commanding in authority, than the
inscription on the Table of Stone? 'Honor thy
Father and Mother, that thy days may be long
in land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.'
Our country is indeed a father, to be reverenc-
ed in the authority which commands our obedi-
ence; and a mother, to be loved with all the
enthusiasm of gratitude and affection. No
voice from Heaven has indeed proclaimed, as
amidst the thunders and lightning, and clouds of
another Sinai, 'Honor thy country, that thy days
may be long in the land which the Lord thy
God giveth thee.' No miraculous hand-writ-
ing has denounced against us the sentence of
destruction for unfaithfulness to her commands
for hypocrisy in our affections. No prophet or
apostle has recorded with the pen of inspired
truth, and by divine authority, 'Thy country is
thy parent—by all that is most binding in duty,
by all that is most eloquent and holy in love.
But the voice of nature and testimony of all ex-
perience, the brightest and the darkest pages of
history, the wisdom of philosophy, the energy
of eloquence, and the enthusiasm of poetry, all
attest the truth, 'Thy Country is thy Pa-
rent.'"

(From the Knoxville Republican.)
NAYMOYA.

A fragment of an Indian tale.—No sounds
were heard, save the cry of the 'whippoorwill,'
and the roar of the distant falls, which pour-
ed its liquid crystal over the cleft-rocks, and
sent back its spray in a misty cloud, through
which the moon was peering; the stars shone
brilliantly, and their light was reflected back in
a thousand varied forms from the bosom of Ni-
agara's waters. It was a night in June, such a
one as poets have often attempted to describe.
It was so beautiful; the air was balmy and
bore on its breath the odour of innumerable
flowers.

Fond of musing in solitude, I had wandered
far from human habitation; and as I looked up-
on nature in its wild variety through the faint
light afforded by the eternal lamps, I thought of
the

'Wild Indians, who were once
The lords and masters of this far spread land;
Of the great Spirit which they worshipped
With awe-becoming reverence; of their wars
When the fire spread a lurid glare among
Those wilds; when the bound captive shriek'd for help,
As vengeance gleam'd from the proud victor's eye.'

And 'where are they now?' I involuntarily
exclaimed. 'Where are they now,' re-echoed
from the cavern rocks. The echo had scarcely
died upon my ear when I heard the sound of
footsteps. Starting, I beheld a female form.
In another moment it stood before me. 'Where
are you?' Thus saying she raised her head,
and the rays of the moon fell on a countenance
the most lovely I had ever beheld—her eyes
beamed with intelligence from beneath a well
turned forehead—which seemed like the storied
Parian marble so pure and polished was its sur-
face. 'Where are you?' she repeated. I an-
swered in a trembling tone, 'I was thinking of
the Indians; and I inquired of the place that
once knew them—where are they now?' 'Fear
not,' said she, 'prompted by a love of nature I
have followed her to her wildest haunts.—
Where are the wild redmen!—follow me and
you will see the last that remains of the Iro-
quois—the Hurons have faded away like the
flower leaves of the sanguinary, and the big light
sets in the west on the wretched remnants of the
Algonquin.'

I followed. The sound of the distant cata-
racts ceased to be heard; I looked round—
the wide expanse of waters had sunk from my
view.

Hitherto I had looked only on the face of
her whom I now followed—I started as the
moon light gleamed from a large war-knife that
hung from her belt and fell on my eye, togeth-
er with a bow and arrows which hung suspended
from her shoulders, and the habiliments of an
Indian warrior were her dress. I stopped and
trembled. 'Why fear you?'—My eye was fix-
ed on the knife—in a moment it was drawn—a
thrill of horror ran through my heart as its
stained edge appeared in view when she brand-
ished it. 'Fear not,' came in an encouraging
tone—the knife was sheathed—a branch was
plucked from a bush and given me as a token
of faith. 'Follow,' and we proceeded.

After an hour's walk we entered a glen.
Hills rose on either side, and a babbling brook
poured its waters past. At the distant end a
faint light broke on my view; a few moments
more and we had entered a cabin. As we en-
tered, a tall young Indian rose. 'Here, Os-
wingo, is a wandering pale face, whom as I re-
turned from chasing an elk, I found near the
great water,' said my guide. Naymoya, why
would you discover us to your people? Know
you not that where the white man plants his
foot-prints the Indian cannot live.' She told
him all that happened—of my enquiry. He
turned and walked to the end of the cabin, and
returned with a pipe, and taking from his pouch
a steel and flint, he ignited a piece of punk and lit
it. 'Come smoke the calumet,' said he, 'and
peace be with you.' I puffed away, and the
smoke filled the cabin. 'I smell peace,' said
an old Indian, who till that time I had not ob-
served; who, rising, threw off a buffalo hide
and tottered towards me. 'A pale face,' he
cried, as the blazing pine knot was raised be-
fore me and as his aged eye flashed as he look-
ed intently on me. I was shrinking with fear
from his gaze, when Naymoya snatched the
pipe from my hand and placed it in that of the
old man. 'It is peace then, squaw,' said he,
he took it; and shortly the insence of an In-
dian's faith rose in curling volumes to the cabin
roof.

'Look here, Oswingo,' said Naymoya, as she
raised the knife from her belt, 'the red stain is
on its edge. The elk lies dead near the great
water—an arrow stayed his flight, and Naymo-
ya's knife drank his life stream. Let us to the
spot and bring home our prize.'

Oswingo having hung his knife in his belt, and
swung his rifle, took Naymoya by the hand, and pre-
pared to depart. I rose. 'Stay,' said the old In-
dian. 'Stay,' repeated Naymoya—I was earnest
to follow. 'I confide your keeping to Tarvolaha,'
she continued. 'I betrayed fear, and began to
wish that curiosity had not drawn me so far.
Oswingo discerned my feelings. He spoke.
'Pale face, a red man's faith is with you—stay,
for a Indian's word is pledged you, which is
true.' He waved his cap of eagle's feathers and
soon with Naymoya was bounding over the hills
towards the lake.

Oswingo and Naymoya had departed and I
was alone with the old Indian.

'Begin the talk, boy,' said Tarvolaha, 'what
of the white brethren?'

'All is well with them,' I replied.

'You're the first pale face I have seen since
the war whoop died away over the big waters.
Where met you Naymoya? she is one of your
tribe,' continued the old Indian.

'And she a white woman? an Indian's wife?'

'Why, yes; she is the squaw of Oswingo of
the eagle's eye, my son—the chief of the Iro-
quois—strong in battle.'

In my talk with the old Indian, I learned, that
his son, in trading with the whites of a village
near that of the Iroquois, had seen Naymoya.

She was the daughter of a wealthy trader, and
was of a romantic turn of mind. He became
enamoured of her, and after the fashion of his
tribe offered her father a thousand beaver pelts
for her. The offer was spurned with indigna-
tion. She, on seeing Oswingo, who was of a
most noble form and beautifully featured, felt a
tenderness for the 'pretty Indian boy,' as she
termed him. One day as she had wandered a-
lone far from her father's house, when Oswingo,
who was on his way from the village, spied her
on a rock which overhung a small stream. He
threw his arms aside, and bounding from the
path, in a moment was at her side. She start-
ed, but on seeing him unarmed, and a smile
playing on his countenance, she became calm.

Oswingo plied his love with native artfulness,
and plucking an aquilegia he pressed it to his
lips and handed it to her; she put it in her bos-
om, and a token of an Indian's love responsive
hung over her heart. She determined on ac-
companying Oswingo. From her early days
till then she had been the child of nature, out-
of society; and had often dwelt in raptures
upon the Indian character. She threw her
bonnet from her head, and in a small basket
placed a paper on which she had written her
determination; and on the next day, with Os-
wingo, she entered the Iroquois village. The
clamor of the tribe was raised against Oswingo,
but his eloquence bore down all opposition, and
Lucinda Reigart was hailed as his bride by the
name of 'Naymoya,' the white feather of the
eagle's wing. Her mother had died whilst she
was yet in infancy; and her father had taken
every pains to have her educated becoming the
station he destined her to occupy in woman-
hood.—But the wildness of nature had sur-
rounded her, and frequent intercourse with the
Indians had inspired her with the idea of lead-
ing an Indian life. On her being missed, search
was made, and on finding the bonnet and bas-
ket, her intentions became known. Her father
immediately repaired to the Indian village, and
fading his efforts in vain to draw his daughter
from her purpose, he yielded to entreaties to re-
main, and the next council proclaimed him one
of the Iroquois. 'He is with the great Spirit,'
said Tarvolaha. 'One night he and I were
crossing the big water in our canoes in chase
of a moose, when she dashed over his, and he
sunk. Since our tribe have moved over the
great white hills; 'Why did you not go too?' I
inquired. Tarvolaha looked intently on me.

'Boy,' said he, 'this was the land of my fathers;
here I was taught to bend the bow and to raise
the tomahawk; and the mound here holds the
bones of Tawansha, my father. Boy, is not
the home of the Indian as dear to him as the
white man's?'

Tarvolaha was continuing, when a cry from a
distance broke upon us, and was quickly suc-
ceeded by the report of a rifle.

Tarvolaha snatched his war hatchet, 'That
cry was Naymoya's,' he exclaimed; 'they have
met Wakonda, the war loup,' he continued
'follow,' and rushed from the cabin. His aged
limbs seemed to have regained the activity of
youth, as he climbed over the hills in the di-
rection of the sound, and brandishing his hatchet
in the air. We were scarce three hundred
yards from the cabin when we reached a piece
of woods which skirted the bounds of Oswingo's
cultivation; having passed it we heard a cry of
grief which directed us to the spot, where lay
Naymoya with an arrow ranking in her neck, her
fair face covered with blood, and over her, kneel-
ing, Oswingo, in speechless agony.

'My son,' cried the old Indian, but no answer
came. 'Oswingo of the eagle's eye! brave of
the Iroquois, look up!'

'Look there!' said Oswingo, as he pointed
to a small hill where lay an Indian stretched life-
less, 'there lies Wakonda; the cursed of the
great Spirit. Look here! the bright feather of
the eagle's wings is broken and he will soar no
more—look here! and he raised Naymoya's
head from the cold sod, whereon it was repos-
ing, and wiping the blood from her face, he
pressed it to his own; and raising her body in
his arms, he bade us follow as he moved to-
wards the cabin. The dead body of the In-
dian lay in our way, and as we crossed it Os-
wingo's eyes flashed as he looked upon it, and
he swore by the spirit of Tawansha, that it
should be food for the birds of the black spirit.

We reached the cabin; a clean mat was
spread in the middle of the floor, and the body
of Naymoya was laid thereon. All was silence,
our thoughts were too big for utterance.

It seems that Oswingo once looked kindly on
Osiko, sister of Wakonda; and was considered

a slight by Wakonda, his not making her his
squaw. He threatened thereon to kill either
Naymoya or him. So long as the tribe re-
mained he was afraid to effect his purpose. He
had been to the village of the whites to make
sale of some skins, and as he returned he thought
it would be a good opportunity to take the
cabin of Oswingo in his way, and wreak his
vengeance on him. His meeting him at the
place was unexpected. Oswingo and Naymo-
ya were bearing the dead elk, when she saw a
shadow flit across the path, and looking up, she
saw Wakonda with his bow bent from behind a
tree; releasing her hold she rushed with a cry
to Oswingo—the arrow intended for him, pier-
ced her neck, and she fell lifeless at his feet.
'Twas but a moment, the rifle of Oswingo was
raised with unerring aim, and as Wakonda bound
dead across the path, the leaden messenger of
death stayed his flight.

Morning came, and as the first rays of the
sun broke from behind the white hills in the far
off east, we were journeying towards the mound
where reposed the bones of the mighty ones of
the past, to bury the body of Naymoya; and
shrouded in the skin of the moose, the bright
feather of the eagle's wing was laid to rest.

'Yankee Doodle.' An American gentle-
man in Paris, after giving an account of the
Fourth of July celebration in that capital, adds:
I must not forget to tell you how much we
cheered 'Yankee Doodle.' At home we
should have heard it with pleasure, but with-
out cheering. Here, when it was struck up,
it touched the electric chain that binds us all
to the pleasant land we have left, and all seem
to have been inspired by one impulse—to 'ap-
plaud to the very echo that should applaud a-
gain.' I know not whether the tune in the ab-
stract be good or bad; but if music, like poetry,
is to be praised according to the number of as-
sociations it awakens, or the images it renews.
Yankee Doodle should have, with us, no paral-
lel; and Von Webber never made such a strain
in his life.

'Take a Scotchman from his hill' and at the
ends of the earth tickle his ears with Auld
Robin Gray or Auld Lang Syne, and it annihi-
lates time and space. He 'treads the loved
shore he sighed to leave behind.' He is back
in imagination (which is reality, as much as
words are things), to the braesides, the heaths,
the bonn, the red-patch, the blue-bonnets, the
'honest men and bonny lasses.' Or grind in
the ears of a Swiss on the Cumberland Road,
his unmusical *Ranzes Vaches*, upon no sweet-
er organ than a cart wheel, and he is no longer
in the Alleghenies. He is among his Alps,
in some red log cabin, with one end sunk into a
mountain, and perched on a cliff so steep that
he must ascend it with his hands and feet. Or
he is beside some clear mountain-lake, a mirror
of the Alps, or some water-fall or sheet of foam
from their snowy summits.

I know not what are the images raised in the
minds of others by 'that good old tune' of
which I spoke, but to me it is the glass of Sur-
ey's magician, and presents an image of beau-
ty. It shows me a green land of long rivers and
broad lakes,—a land flowing with milk and hon-
ey,—a land of steady habits, white churches, red
schoolhouses, and many newspapers.

[N. Y. Jour. of Com.]

*Yankee versus Yankee, or how to collect a
debt.*—A few days since a Connecticut Cap-
tain came into this port with a small vessel load
of apples. While he was retailing them out, there
came down to the vessel, among other custom-
ers, a hawk-eyed, open mouthed jockey, with
an old spare-rib horse and inquiring the price,
he agreed to take twenty bushels. Ten bush-
els were measured up and put into his wagon,
when he said he would go up to his store and
carry them, and come back for the remainder.

The Captain waited in vain for the purchas-
er to return, and at last began to suspect that
he had been jewed. Three or four days passed
away, and upon inquiry he found it was
undoubtedly, a bad debt, a hopeless cause.—
At last the Captain was informed that his cus-
tomer was at the market stand, in Fore street
with a wagon load of meat and vegetables.—
A Connecticut Yankee is not slow for an ad-
venture; so he rigged his mate out in his best
suit and sent him up to make a purchase.—
The mate fell in with the market man, and be-
gan to barter him for meat and vegetables.—
Well Captain, they are the first chop, and you
shall have 'em cheap. At length the price was
agreed upon for a couple of quarters of veal, a
couple of bushels of potatoes, and a few cabba-
ges. And now Captain, where will you have
them? O just drive down the wharf by the
side of my vessel. So down they went, and the
articles were delivered and safely placed on
board the vessel, when the Connecticut Cap-
tain poked his head up out of the cabin, and
politely told his old customer that he would
give him credit for these articles on the apple
score. Johnathan after looking unutterable
things awhile, wheeled about and marched off,
muttering that if there was any law in the land
he'd see if he couldn't collect it.

[Portland Courier.]

Every Body has Bubbly Jock.—The follow-
ing anecdote of the late Sir Walter Scott has

a genuine appearance, and we do not recollect
of ever seeing it published. A gentleman, in
conversing with the illustrious author, remarked
that he believed that it was possible that perfect
happiness might be the lot of somebody or other.
Sir Walter dissented. 'Well,' said the
gentleman, 'there is an idiot, who, I'm certain
will confirm my opinion: he seems the very
beau ideal of animal contentment.' The daft
individual was snoring along, humming to him-
self, when Sir Walter Scott addressed him.
'Weel, Jamie, hoo are ye to day?' 'Blaw-
ley, ou brawley,' answered he. 'Now Jamie,
have ye plenty to eat and drink?' 'Ou aye.'
'And keep ye warm?' 'Ou aye.' 'And
are ye, the folks kind to ye?' 'Ou aye.'
'There,' said the poet's antagonist, crowing,
'is a perfectly happy creature!' 'Not so fast,'
continued Sir Walter. 'Is there naething, Jam-
ie, that bothers ye at a?' 'Ou aye,' said
the idiot, changing his merry look, 'there's
a muckle Bubbly Jock that follows me where-
ever I gang.' 'Now,' said Sir Walter, 'you
see by this, that the very simplest and stupidest
of mankind are haunted by an evil one of some
kind or other—in short every one has his Bub-
bly Jock.' [Edinburgh Evening Post.]

Advertising a Wife. We saw in some hon-
est paper, not long since, an editorial determi-
nation that no more advertisements should be pub-
lished in that print, from husbands' advertising
their wives. This was a good resolve and one
which ought to be widely adopted by cut corps.
In the majority of instances, the man who thus
exposes his consort, is a worthless and malign-
ant fellow—whose own deficiencies in duty
have made his home unpleasant, and has driv-
en his companion to a point beyond which for-
bearance ceases to be a virtue. Miscreants of
this sort should not be allowed to have a medi-
um wherein their spleen may be vented, even
at the rate of a dollar per square for three in-
sertions.

It may happen sometimes,—once in a long
while,—that some softly husband has caught a
tartar in his matrimonial bargain, and that all
his efforts for tranquility are unavailing; that
he cries peace, when there is no peace. We
recollect one such unfortunate, who came into
the office of this Gazette, and stated in a sad
and quiet way,—looking meanwhile the very
picture of meekness,—that he wished to adver-
tise his spouse.

We remonstrated with him on the impropr-
ety and unkindness of the measure, and desir-
ed him not to expose in that way, one whom he
had vowed before the holy man, to protect—
the wife of his bosom, and an amiable woman.
He started nervously, advanced to the window,
and pointing with the fore finger of his right
hand to his face, he exclaimed—'Aimable!
Thunder and Onions!—look at my eye!'

It must be confessed that the optic was ex-
ceeding black, and a blue hazy outline, like the
purple hue of a rainbow, extended into the
cheek, and completely spoiled the respectable
appearance of that portion of his visage. This
was a knock down argument; and we took his
dollars and his notice, without compunction.
[Philadelphia Gazette.]

Who in Virginia has not heard that Mr. Pleas-
ants is once met the late Mr. Randolph, no doubt
with the intention to insult him, thus accosted
him—'I never give way to a d—d rascal.' At which
Mr. Randolph, stepping aside, promptly
replied—'I always do sir.'

Modern Blue Laws.—The blue laws of
Connecticut have long been a source of merrit-
ment to the citizens of the present day; and it
is not generally known that some of the early
acts of the legislature of Pennsylvania are equal-
ly queer. About the year 1680 or 81, the
legislature passed a resolution that no member
thereof should come to the house barefoot or
eat his bread and cheese on the steps.

Cure for Consumption.—A late number of
the New England Farmer contains a letter
from James Walker of Fryeburg, Me. and a
certificate from his nephew, who was last spring
so far overcome by the consumption, as to be
given over by his physician,—which states that
by inhaling the fumes of the chlorate of lime,
his health was so far improved in twelve days
that he was able to ride a mile on horseback.—
Mr. Walker was induced to try the experi-
ment, from having read of the successful experi-
ment of Dr. Cottereu in Paris with this medi-
cine.

Temperance Anecdote.—'What is the mat-
ter with you,' said a gentleman to an old Dutch-
man, as he was crossing Johnson's Square, a
short time since, 'I got de rheumatis.' The
gentleman advised him to rub himself with
Brandy until it penetrated well.—'Oh man I
dosh petter as dat,' replied Myneer, 'I drips
do prandy and den I rubs my leg mit to potlie.

Meaning of 'Deficient.'—'Have you ob-
tained a good character to day, sir?' said a
gentleman the other day, to a little fellow just out
of school. 'No, sir,' was the reply, 'I have
been deficient.' 'And what is the meaning of
deficient?' inquired the first. 'It means when
you get a licking,' answered the boy.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Two Days Later from Europe. The ship Liverpool, from Liverpool, having left that port on the 12th ult., arrived here yesterday morning, bringing London dates of the 11th.

[Mer. Jour.]

London, Aug. 9.—The Globe says, that accounts received this morning from Brazil, state that the friends of Don Pedro are acting very strenuously to form a strong party in favor of his return to that country and resumption of power. The consummation of such an intention might be favorable on many accounts.

Portugal.—It appears very possible that the crisis of the affairs of Portugal may speedily be followed by some not unimportant changes in Spain. Ferdinand is again indisposed, but whether his illness is dangerous is not known. Should interminate fatally the Queen will by law be Regent during the minority of her infant daughter.

Don Carlos, who is still at Lisbon declined embarking in a Spanish vessel, and has expressed a desire to be conveyed to Naples in care to provide himself with the means of conveyance from Portugal.

Little doubt is entertained that the mission of the Marquis Loule to France, is for the purpose of bringing the Queen of Portugal and the Empress to Lisbon.

The French papers received this morning, with the exception of some few details of disturbances in Switzerland, contain of a nature to interest out of Paris. The reason of the non-arrival of Loule in the capital has been the enforcement of the quarantine for the cholera at Brest, to which port an express has been sent to allow of his immediate departure. It is added that the Ex-Empress and the young Queen will quit Paris on the 15th.

A report is in circulation that Don Miguel had embarked with Don Carlos for Sicily, while other rumors shut him up with a determination to hold out in Elvas.

A curious letter is given from Palermo with the hundredth version of the reception, &c. of the Duchess of Berri, which account, among other important matters, states that the marriage of her Royal Highness had only been made known to the Sicilians through medium of the French Journals, and that they were so dull as to take little interest in the disclosure.

Ireland. Dublin, Aug. 7.—An investigation instituted by order of government will commence to-morrow, at New Ross, to report upon charges preferred against the police, for using the powers conferred by the disturbance bill for the recovery of tythes. It is stated that about two months since fifty farmers were arrested at midnight, and taken from their houses to the police barracks. The police it is alleged, obtained admission by representing that they were desired for the purpose of counting the inmates.

The Harvest.—For a great many years past there has not been so promising and abundant a harvest as at present.

Disturbances in Switzerland. Schwytz, July 31.—A civil war has just made its appearance in this part of the country. An inhabitant of Kussnacht* (Schwytz exterior) having petitioned for a reunion with the Schwytz Interior, was arrested yesterday by the authorities, but afterwards rescued by his friends. Serious disturbances ensued; the windows of several houses were broken, muskets were fired, and several persons were wounded. The party who were for reunion suffered much. Troops were immediately sent to the frontier to prevent a civil war. Col. Aleberg, an officer of the Federal Government, but now attached to the small diet, entered Kussnacht at the head of 600 men, and took possession of it, in the name of the Canton of Schwytz. He deposed the authorities, appointed new magistrates made the principal patriots prisoners, and brought them under escort to Schwytz. We have here 3000 men under arms, ready to support him; and the smaller Cantons are all brave and zealous, and are also ready to lend their aid.

Latest from England.—The ship Victoria arrived here yesterday afternoon from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 14th August. Messrs. Topiff have a London paper of the 12th—one day later than our last. There is no English news. At Paris it was believed that the late riots in the Swiss Cantons were instigated by Prussia and Austria, as a pretext for sending an army into the Cantons, or at least to the Swiss frontiers. An article in the Journal des Debats threatens Austria and Prussia with French interference, should either of these powers venture to take a part in the dissensions. Louis Philippe was to leave Paris on the 26th, for Cherbourg, accompanied by Marshal Soult.

From the Pacific.—To the politeness of Captain Goodrich of the brig Alpine, we are indebted for a file of Lima papers, the last number of a new paper—the last dates from Quito—a Guayaquil Price Current—a list of vessels on the coast, and lastly a letter, of which the following is an extract:—[N. Y. Jour. Com.] There is nothing new at Guayaquil, and for particulars of the markets please refer to the Price Current. New York papers containing the President's Proclamation, had been received Guayaquil, by the United States schr. Dolphin, via Panama, and was republished in the papers of that place in 28 days after its first appearance in New York.

The Potomac was at Valparaiso; would return to Callao and Guayaquil in June or July. The Falmouth was at Callao, and would go up to Valparaiso, and would go down the coast. The Celano sailed from Valparaiso for Iquique and the U. States. The Montezuma, Smith, Callao, for Valparaiso and the U. States.

LATEST FROM FRANCE.

By the packet ship Poland, Capt. Richardson, we have received Paris dates to Aug. 16, and Havre 17, both inclusive; and by the packet ship Britannia, Capt. Sketchley, from Liverpool, we have English papers to Aug. 17th.

[N. Y. Jour. of Com.]

The Committee of the Parisian Association in favor of the Press have sent 2000 francs to the office of the National, in aid of the payment of the fine to which that Journal was condemned on Saturday. The Central Committee of the Association of the Departments have remitted 500 francs for the same object.

The Brussels papers state, that at Charlerly on the 8th of August, 38 persons were drowned in a boat. This melancholy accident happened in consequence of a sudden irruption of water from an ancient aqueduct, which in less than two minutes rose above 70 feet.

Paris, Aug. 15th.—By a Royal Ordinance dated yesterday, the administration of the war department, which since the absence of Marshal Soult, has been vested in General Sebastiani, is transferred to Admiral de Rigny, Minister of the Marine, until the return of the Marshal. An ordinance, of the 9th, sets forth, that the grant made for premiums upon the exportation of goods during 1833 being found insufficient in consequence of the law relative to the premium on refined sugars not having been adopted during the last session of the Chambers, his Majesty authorizes the addition of five millions of francs to the above grant.

The Courier Francais has the following:—“A singular report was current yesterday. It is stated that an English Courier coming from the North, has travelled France with despatches for London, of a very serious nature; a copy of which was left with the British Ambassador at Paris. A very cold notification is said to have been made by Prussia and Austria, relative to the affairs of Portugal and Belgium, which has given much uneasiness to the French Cabinet. If such a notification has really been made at the present moment, it would appear as if the powers who signed it had made it to coincide with the Aristocratical movements in Switzerland. We have not been able to trace the report to its source.” The Journal du Commerce also mentions the above rumor, stating that the notification touches upon several important points of European policy, and is calculated to lead to a rupture between France and England, on the one hand and the absolute Sovereigns on the other.

Paris, May 13.—The Courier Francais gives the following as a communicated note:—

An English Journal having announced that M. Antonio Carlos d'Anerada had arrived from Rio Janeiro, commissioned to invite Don Pedro to return to that city, where, it was said a party was anxious to receive him, we are authorized to declare this is a fiction, invented to divert Don Pedro from the Regency of Portugal. Brazil is by no means desirous of the return of this prince, whose abdication was voluntary; and M. d'Andrada would never undertake a mission to recall him, having himself been imprisoned, and afterwards exiled, by the arbitrary decrees on Don Pedro, when he dissolved the Constitutional Assembly of Brazil, of which M. d'Andrada was one of the most distinguished Members.

The Munich Gazette expresses a hope that the Congress of Toplitz will restore peace to the world, by setting bounds to the spread of constitutional opinions. After recapitulating the various agitations by which Europe has been disturbed in consequence of revolutions, it points out to the Sovereigns the three principal points which call for their attention and interference;—they are Portugal, Italy, and Spain.

A letter of the 1st inst. from Berlin gives the following as the principal questions to be discussed at the interview between the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia:—1. The means of controlling the Constitutional Chambers of Germany without exposing the country to a revolution. 2. The censorship and freedom of the Press. 3. The Universities. 4. A treaty on the commerce and custom duties of Prussia. 5. The occupation of Frankfurt, and the number of troops that Austria and Prussia are to send as their contingents, without exciting jealousy on either side. 6. The question of Belgium, so far as it relates to Luxembourg and the Germanic confederation. 7. The question of Poland—but, as Russia is a party interested in this it is said Count Orloff, on his return from Constantinople, will be sent to Toplitz to treat with the two monarchs.

To this series is to be added, whatever the Berlin and Hamburg papers may say, the Portuguese question and the treaty to be formed between Austria and Prussia for opposing on the one hand, the Anglo Gallican alliance, and on the other, to guard against the Russian Cabinet, which, notwithstanding the harmony that at presents subsists between the Courts of St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Berlin, gives umbrage to the other two cabinets. On several of the above questions the King and Emperor are entirely of accord; these are those which relate to the Constitutional Chambers, to Luxembourg, and Poland, but they are not so with regard to the Universities, to the customs, or the occupation of Frankfurt; and it is in consequence of the difficulties which arose out of the latter questions that the interview had been agreed upon.

Charles X., it is said has addressed a letter to the Sovereigns assembled at Toplitz, expressing his surprise at not having been called to the conference about to be held in that town. He declares that the differences which have occurred between him and his subjects, have not made him lose his right of being a member of the Holy Alliance, in conjunction with the Sov-

ereigns, his former allies. The abdication which he signed with his son, in favor of the Duke of Bordeaux, not having been accepted by France, ought to be considered as null and void. He consequently claims the full execution of the guarantees stipulated by the treaty of 1815.—[Temps.]

SPAIN.

Madrid, Aug. 8.—The King is still in a suffering state, although rather better. For three days he kept his bed, but yesterday he was able to sit up. The government has received intelligence of Don Carlos having placed himself at the head of Don Miguel's staff. An autograph letter complaining of this act had been addressed by King Ferdinand to his nephew. This letter has only revived the misunderstanding that has for some time existed between our Government and Don Miguel, and a rupture between the two governments appears now to be inevitable. In fact, by a second note sent off three days ago to Lisbon, our two Ambassadors have received orders to quit that capital within 24 hours and they are expected here within three or four days. Our Gazette has ceased to style Don Miguel King, and no longer designates the troops of Queen Donna Maria by the name of rebels.

Madrid, Aug. 6.—By a royal decree Don Josef Manuel de Anjona, Minister of the Council, has been appointed Superintendent General of Police.

Latest News from Lisbon and Oporto.

Falmouth, Aug. 13, 1833.—The Corsair yacht arrived here this morning from Lisbon, which place she left on the 1st inst. The following news will be interesting, and will show the state of the public mind in the city. Don Pedro was publicly walking about with the greatest confidence, unarmed and unguarded, and was greeted with the warmest acclamations. A circumstance occurred on his first landing which at once made him popular with the people. When he was stepping from the barge on shore, some of the police endeavored to clear the way with their swords, when he called on them to put up their weapons, and taking out his own sword he flung it into the sea. About 800 police had been raised for the protection of the city. The behavior of all classes was beyond all praise.

The conduct of Don Miguel's police has excited a great sensation at Lisbon. It appears that the Duc Cadaval, with about three thousand police, after they had fled from Lisbon, retreated to Caldas, about 25 miles north of Lisbon, and sacked the place for four hours, committing the greatest depredations on the persons and property of the inhabitants. On the 31st day of July they were on the road to Lucceria.

A division of Don Miguel's troops of about 1500 had forced the Tagus at Valoda, near Santerim, and a steamer was sent up by Don Pedro to negotiate with them. It was generally supposed that they would turn in favor of the young Queen.

The Corsair called off Oporto on the 5th, but nothing of importance had occurred since our last advices. The Miguelites, however, continued to harass the city by continually firing on the town and at all the boats which came within range of their guns. At Oporto they were anxiously expecting that the line of Don Miguel would be broken by troops from Lisbon. No movement had taken place at Lisbon for that purpose, and in the present state of affairs, it does not appear likely that a sufficient force could be collected by Don Pedro. The contending forces at Oporto, must, therefore, fight it out.

The Donna Maria was cruising off Oporto.

From Sumatra. By the arrival, at this port, on Saturday, of the brig Neptune, Capt. Griffin, from the above island, we have a confirmation of the intelligence previously received, in regard to the failure of the new pepper crops. The cultivation of the soil had been neglected, in consequence of the civil wars which were raging among the different clans. A large number of vessels were on the coast, and it was doubtful whether they could obtain full cargoes of the present season; it was estimated that by the first of July there would not be 1000 piculs of pepper to be had on the whole coast. Capt. G. informs, that the natives continue friendly to the Americans, and still remember the visit of the “big ship.”—[Salem Register.]

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, OCTOBER 1, 1833.

A Term of the C. G. Pleas was held in this town last week, Judge Ruggles presiding. The Session continued only three days, thereby furnishing the strongest evidence of the peaceful character of the inhabitants of our County. Two indictments were found—one for stealing a horse, the other for stealing a coat. Each of the accused confessed their guilt and were sentenced the latter to two years confinement in the State Prison, and the former to five months imprisonment in the County Jail. The latter is said to be an old offender, the former is by no means a hardened, desperate villain. We believe that no instance occurred of the disagreement of the jury which is an unusual circumstance in trials in this County. The greatly diminished number of entries and the few litigated cases seem to indicate a better state of things than has formerly prevailed even in this County which has never afforded much of a harvest to the legal profession. We regard this state of things as an indication of prosperity and ability on the part of our citizens to meet their engagements punctually. May it long continue.

The federal papers appear to be under great anxiety to know whether those who, having heretofore belonged to the democratic party, were found at the last election in opposition to the nominations of that party, are to return to the ranks from which they have made a temporary secession, or remain on the fence or enlist them-

selves with the federal party. The true policy of our old opponents undoubtedly is to keep up a third party, from the existence of which they will derive more benefit than they could hope to receive from the accession of the few individuals who might unite with them. So long as there are but two parties the federalists cannot hope for the ascendancy. The people are opposed to them. If therefore they can work upon the hopes or feelings of a few discontented democrats, far as to get up a third party, of sufficient strength to hold the balance between the two, then they hope they may be able to turn it to their advantage. In any event they can lose nothing. This accounts for the great interest they take in the Smith men as they are called—the deep sympathy they manifest for their wrongs, as they call them, and their indignation at the supposed injustice with which they are treated. No one can be deceived by so shallow an artifice. There can be but two prominent parties. Those who are not for us are against us. Men must be ranked with the party whom they encourage and support, no matter by what name they may call themselves or what professions they may make. The Smith men cannot remain neutral, if they would. The chance is left them of reuniting with their old friends or joining our opponents. The middle ground is untenable. The billing and cooing of the federal papers will not be very alluring to many of them. While there are others who will make use of the present opportunity of placing themselves where they have always belonged in fact and in feeling, in the ranks of federalism. The late election has proved our strength, and that the great body of the people are not to be led astray by the defection of a few individuals, however respectable. Among those who seceded during the late campaign, there are many whose hearts are as pure and whose principles are as correct as ever, while there are others, who will not return because they never belonged with us, and who will be no valuable accession to any party, since they look only to their own private interests. They are men whom treachery itself cannot trust, who will be content to belong to any party which will give them the best office in its gift, so long as they can retain it, and rule the party at their own pleasure. But should the people interfere or oppose their dictation then they will strive to effect the ruin of those by whose bounty they have been fed. We are not for proscribing men for an honest difference of opinion on any subject. But when men not merely by their conduct, but directly in words avow their determination to oppose us and assist our opponents to the extent of their power, it would be folly to call such men friends or to expect their assistance if it should be needed. We must be placed in more desperate circumstances than at present when we court the return of such men to our ranks. If they wish for solicitations for their union, or sympathy for their desperate purposes, they can receive them from our opponents—they cannot be expected from us. We give them all we should have received from them: had their power been equal to their wishes.

We have received the report made by the Executive Committee of the Oxford County Temperance Society at their late anniversary meeting in this town, with a request to publish the same in this paper. From its length we have not yet been able to give it a faithful examination so as to be fully satisfied as to the propriety of inserting it. We should like to know something of the authority on which many of the statements therein contained are made. Are they facts or conjectures merely? Imputations are not to be made respecting the moral character and habits of our citizens without some proof of their correctness. The statements may all be true, the assertions therein contained may be well sustained facts, and the details may be derived from unquestionable sources of information. It is true that one is accused by name, but it is equally true that almost all may be implicated. We know that the report has already caused some excitement and we are desirous of some assurance of its general correctness before we give it publicity. We would willingly do nothing that should in any way retard the progress of temperance or cast odium upon the cause. We would promote it by every means in our power. But we have no intention of joining in a crusade against all who may think differently from us on this question. Our object is to make our paper generally useful & to support temperance in all things. When we are satisfied that the best interests of the cause of temperance will be promoted by the publication of this report we will not withhold it from our readers. Men must be persuaded to become temperate by being convinced that it is for their interest and happiness to become or remain so. They cannot be driven. The zeal of well meaning men has already in many instances so far outstripped their prudence as to create open opposition to the cause. It has sometimes been connected with sectarianism in religion and with party in politics, always to its own injury. Our best wishes are for its prosperity and universal adoption.

REPRESENTATIVE TO CONGRESS. We have obtained but few more returns of votes given for member of Congress in this district, and they rather increase the majority for Dr. Mason which was exhibited in our last. It will not probably be made certain until the votes are counted by the Governor and Council.

The Supreme Court sits in this town on Tuesday next and a Probate Court will be held the week after.

A MORGAN AFFAIR AGAIN.

We regret to learn, as we do from the Hallowell Anti-masonic Free Press, that an outrageous attempt was made a few evenings since to “assassinate” the editor of that print by running his body through with rotten eggs. The mob came quite near accomplishing this purpose, having so far succeeded as to break several windows in his office. There was no provocation, whatever, for this murderous attempt. The Free Press had done nothing more than to discharge a christian duty the previous week, and in the meek and quiet spirit of a newly professed orthodox, by publicly charging one of the Representatives of Hallowell with being an open reviler of Christianity, a blasphemer and drunkard. Unfortunately for the Press, the people of Hallowell who are acquainted with Col. Dumont, did not believe these charges just, true, or called for, and amidst the general indignation which was felt, several young men maliciously conceived the design of stabbing the author of the libel with rotten eggs. The whole was a masonic conspiracy; and what makes the affair the more astonishing and incomprehensible, is the fact that neither Col. Dumont, nor his indignant friends who pelled the editor, were masons or friends of masonry.

[Gardiner Intelligence.]

On Thursday afternoon, last, the Free Press of Friday was widely circulated in the village, and its paragraphs attacking private character naturally excited strong and general indignation. In the course of the evening, it is said that the windows of the Free Press office were broken, and the printer pelted with eggs. We need not say that this proceeding is looked upon with disapprobation by reflecting men of all parties, as in the first place decidedly wrong in itself, and in the next place the most impolitic act that could have been committed. It will do for individuals to prescribe and inflict the punishment of what they deem offences, we should be governed by popular passion and physical force, instead of wholesome and well-balanced laws. Such publications as those in the last Free Press carry their own punishment, and are unworthy of any other, they cannot fail to injure the reputation and destroy the peace of their authors.—[A. Advocate.]

“AGE OF IMPROVEMENT.” We find in the Bangor Republican a paragraph from a Lockport, N. Y. paper, noticing an oration said to be delivered in this town, (Augusta) by Miss Green, on the 4th July. We had before seen in the New York Courier and Enquirer a sort of burlesque account of the same oration, and as the editor of that paper, from the manner in which he spoke of it, appeared to have been altogether misinformed through the malice or wantonness of some person, we addressed him a note, stating the facts of the case. He has, however, made no correction in his paper, and the re-publication in the Bangor paper makes it proper to say something in explanation. It is true that Miss Green of this town, a pupil in the Cony Female Academy, did deliver an address in the Academy on the 4th of July, but none were present save the young ladies and a few of their relatives and friends. It was never published nor made public in any way, but we are assured that it was a well written, modest and sensible piece of composition, as unlike the representation of it in the Courier and Enquirer as can possibly be imagined. That paper gives what it calls extracts from it, received, it says, “from the fair authoress.” These are altogether in the rantlike style, indicating brazen impudence and vulgarity. All this can only be accounted for by supposing that some individual, actuated by malice or wantonness, or possibly who had confounded together different persons of the same name, had imposed upon the New York editor a fictitious address. It is hardly conceivable that any one who actually knew any thing about Miss Green, her address, or her father's family here, all of them highly respectable, should be heartless and base enough to attempt to make her or them the sport of his vulgar witticisms. He must indeed have been a gallant fellow who thus assailed a respectable young lady, a modest girl of fifteen; and it is no wonder that he got so far off as New York before he mustered courage for the attack. We must suppose there has been some blundering about the business, some confounding of different persons of the same name, and that no one could possibly have designed to ridicule the individual who actually did deliver the address.—[Kennebec Journal.]

SINGULAR STRATAGEM.

While the allied army was engaged before Savannah, Colonel John White, of the Georgia line, conceived and executed an extraordinary enterprise.—Captain French, with a small party of the British regulars, was stationed on the Ogeechee river, about twenty-five miles from Savannah. At the same place lay five British vessels, of which four were armed, the largest mounting fourteen guns. White having with him only Captain Etholm and three soldiers, kindled many fires, the illumination of which was discernable at the British station, exhibiting by the manner of ranging them, the plan of a camp.—To this stratagem he added another; he and four comrades, imitating the manner of the staff, rode with haste in various directions, giving orders in a loud voice. French became satisfied that a large body of the enemy were upon him; and on being summoned by White, he surrendered (1st of October) his detachment the crews of five vessels forty in number with the vessels, and one hundred and thirty stand of arms.

Colonel White having succeeded, pretended that he must keep back his troops, lest the animosity, already stifled by his great exertions, would break out, and indiscriminate slaughter take place in defiance of his authority; and that therefore he would commit his prisoners to three guides who would conduct them safely to good quarters. This humane attention on the part of White was thankfully received. He immediately ordered three of his attendants to proceed with the prisoners, who moved off with celerity, anxious to get away, lest the fury of White's corps, believed to be near at hand, might break out much disposed as he himself was to restrain it.

White, with the soldier retained by him, repaired as he announced to his guides and prisoners, to his troops, for the purpose of proceeding in their rear.

He now employed himself in collecting the neighbouring militia, with who he overtook his guides, their charge safe and happy in the good treatment experienced.

The extraordinary address of White was contrasted with the extraordinary folly of French; and both were necessary to produce the wonderful issue. The affair approaches too near the marvellous to have been admitted into these memoirs, had it not been uniformly asserted, as uniformly accredited, and never contradicted.

[Lee's Memoirs.]

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A GOOD WIFE.

A good wife is one who regulates her disposition according to the fortunes of her husband—who, when he is depressed in spirits, exercises all those peculiar properties for which women are distinguished, endeavoring to lighten the burden of his melancholy, and prove to me that whatever may go wrong in the out-door world, in her he may always expect sympathy and support. A good wife is one who, at all times and upon all occasions, is willing to share the destiny of her husband, provided that husband has not forfeited every claim to her respect and affections by the brutality or unmanliness of his conduct. She must bend over him in patient attention, in his hour of sickness—wiping the feverish drops from his brow and smoothing the pillow of his anguished moments. She must repel the most remote approaches to a libel of his character, watch over his worldly goods, and preserve from waste and spendthrift all that he hoards up with patience and toil. She must, as far as in her lies, meet him with kind feelings and out-creaked arms from his daily vocation, be equally guarded of her person as if the sacred knot had not been tied—treat with becoming reserve the insidious familiarity of the licentious and the depraved—and ever act in the company of others with the fondness of a wife, but with the dignity of a high-souled woman. The preservation of her husband's affections must be a matter of paramount importance to the enlargement of her fortune. She must study his disposition, and never irritate its irritable parts—she must love her children, and teach them so to conduct themselves as to shed honor on their father's name. She must walk in such a way before the world that calumny may never reach her, and suspicion never be excited against her, for in her preservation of an unsullied name she not only contributes to the happiness, but to the honor of her husband. If her disposition is naturally violent, its violence should all be turned into the channel of affection, and, above all, she should never give way to momentary anger, nor be warped in her opinions as to the fidelity and honor of her husband, by the representations of another. These are what we should deem some of the qualifications of a good wife.

Shaking hands and exchanging hearts across the great waters.

We have only room to-day, to announce that Peter Jones, a Chippewa Indian, on a late visit to England, whither he went in the character of Clergyman and Missionary, attached to the Methodist Episcopal Church in this country, captivated an accomplished young Lady of London—and so far ingratiated himself into her affections, as to be followed by her to New York, where she arrived a short time since, and met, and married her lover. We shall let our friend of the Commercial tell his own story of this, as he calls it very properly, "Romance in Real Life," in the Herald of Monday. It is a good story, well told, and on an interesting subject. This being price current day, we have to defer various other matters, some of which, by Monday, may, like the snuff of a candle, be so low in the socket, and have grown so old and dimmed (so rapidly does one event, now a-days, tread on the heels of another) as to be out of time; and fit only to mingle destiny with events that happened before the flood.

Touching Peter Jones, it may be well enough to remark, that we are now even with England. John Smith bore off our Pocahontas, and Peter Jones has brought out Miss F., a London Belle. [Phil. Com. Herald.]

Nice Little Autocrat.

One of those afflictions of extreme destitution and misery on the one side, and singular hard heartedness on the other, which unfortunately are of such frequent occurrence at our police offices, was reported a few days since—

"A soldiers wife whose covering of tatters bespoke her penury, with an infant in her arms, and three others barefooted and nearly naked, were brought up by the police constable, charged with sleeping in the open air in the laundry yard, Westminster. Magistrate—What have you to say to this? Woman—I am travelling from Deptford, Sir, towards Bristol, and I had no money to procure lodging, so I and my children huddled close together to keep ourselves warm. Magistrate—Are you a soldiers wife? Woman—Yes, sir, my husband is in the 95th foot, and is now at the Cape. I want to reach the depot of the regiment, that I may remain there till he returns. Magistrate—Aye, that is very well. I shall commit you for fourteen days to prison! Woman—Oh! do not let me to God's sake!—surely poverty is no crime! do not send us to prison. Magistrate—For fourteen days, woman! The wretched creature was removed with her infants sobbing and clinging around, to the lock up cells!"

If any one can read the above account unmoved we do not envy him his feelings. He can only be fit to superintend a knacker's yard, or be a magistrate at a Police Office.

[London Monthly Magazine.]

Foolhardiness.—On Monday evening a farmer of Woodchester, named Radcliff, on his way home from Tetbury fair, half seas over, rode up an inclined plane to the scaffolding 40 feet high, erected against a new building. He rode to the extremity of the scaffolding, apparently before he was aware of his perilous situation, often rendered frightfully dangerous by the extreme narrowness of the platform. Here, however, he was compelled to stop, and an alarm being given, some persons proceeded to his assistance, who, with some difficulty, got him off his horse, and contrived to back the poor animal along the level platform till they reached

the top of the inclined plane. At this moment the farmer insisted upon leading his own steed, saying that he would follow him any where, and hastily catching hold of the bridle, gave a sudden check, in consequence of which the horse lost his footing, and was precipitated from a height of nearly 30 feet to the ground, where he was dashed to atoms, and died in a few minutes. The horse was valued at £30.

A ROARER.—A stout, hardy looking woman was brought into the police office yesterday afternoon, evidently about "half seas over," in custody of four or five citizens; who had about as much as they could do to handle her. The charge against her was riotous, turbulent conduct in the street, wanting to fight every person she met, and assaulted all who came within reach of her powerful arm. She was immediately identified as a person who had been discharged from the Penitentiary at Bellevue, only five hours previous, and she was also recognized by one of the officers attached to the police, as the same female who had been engaged in a row in Water street, not two hours before this. He alleged that he had seen her fairly flog five men, and upon his interfering, she quieted him at once by an ungentlemanly kick in the nose, which perfectly satisfied him of her prowess; and he was glad enough to beat a retreat from before such an amazon. The excuse she offered, was that she was only having a little bit of fun to herself after her long imprisonment, and she hoped his honor, the magistrate, would forgive her this time. He was ungallant enough, however, to commit her to Bridewell, until she should regain her sober senses, when she is to be allowed to plead her own cause before him, as she has tongue enough of her own to need the aid of no lawyer, and if the magistrate can only be convinced that she is not a proper subject for the Penitentiary, she will doubtless be discharged. [N. Y. Standard.]

Africa. In all ages, the Continent of Africa has constituted a great geographical problem; the debatable ground of science, the fruitful field of doubt, prejudice, and misapprehension. Once, opinion was, that its tropical regions were given up to the dominion of heat, intolerant of human life, impervious to the footsteps of conquest or commerce. The voyages of the early Portuguese navigators effectually dispelled this idea, and displayed to us a coast, obnoxious, of course, to the heats which prevail in other tropical regions of the globe, but thronged, at the same time, with a robust native population, and as later experience has proved, no more deleterious to Europeans than similar latitudes of Asia and America. But the vast interior of the Continent still continued to be the region of mystery, pictured to the imagination as a wide sandy desert, and known to us only by a few scattered particulars derived from the ancients, by the meagre and unsatisfactory accounts of Arabian geographers, by here and there a solitary fact gleaned from the Barbary traders and the slave-merchants of Nubia or Guinea. But what difficulties could withstand, what dangers could deter the ardor of European thirst of knowledge, European cupidity of gain, European benevolence? One after another of the adventurous pioneers of improvement fell a victim to his zeal in the cause of knowledge and humanity; Park, Ledyard, Burkhart, Clapperton, had imparted a melancholy fame to the history of African discovery; until at last, when the best organized attempts of public bodies had utterly failed of success, it was reserved for obscure individuals, a French mariner and an English domestic servant, to reveal the hidden secrets, the great navigable rivers, the rich soil, the exuberant vegetation, the numerous population, of the heart of Africa. And the discoveries of Caillie and Lander seem to have been providentially chanced at that period of time, when the establishment of the American Colony of Liberia, the conquest of Algiers by France, the regeneration of Egypt under the auspices of Mohammed-Ali and the assured possessions of South Africa by the English, conspire together at length to promise the redemption of this great Continent from the degradation of ages. [Cushing's Colonization Orator, July 4.]

THE MAD BULL.

I was once, says Sir Walter Scott, proceeding from the old to the new town of Edinburgh by the earthen mound, at the head of which I was led for a few minutes to look at a bull that had got into an enclosure there, after the unmerciful butcher lads had driven it fairly mad. The crowd that gathered on the outside of the fence increased the brute's fierceness. At last they began to cast ropes over its horns and a round its neck, and thereby to pull it to a strong hold, that it might be slain in the place where it was, which drove it to its most desperate fury. Its eyes now glared madness, there were handfulls of foam flying from its mouth, with its fore feet it pawed the ground, throwing lumps of earth as high as the adjoining houses, and it bellowed so as to make one quake. It was anything but an agreeable sight, so I moved away homewards. But before I got to the foot of the mound, an alarming shout caused me to look back, when I perceived the animal at no great distance behind me, coming on with all its rage. I had just time to spring to the top of the wall that lined the foot-path, and to behold its further progress.

I shudder to this hour when I think of what immediately I saw. Among the people that were near me and in jeopardy, was a young lady, and she wore a red mantle, which is a very offensive color to some of the brute creation. As I did, she also made for the wall, but had neither time nor strength to gain its top, ere the

inturated animal drove towards her. She turned her back however to the inaccessible eminence, as if to see the full extent of her fate, and stood as if nailed to it, save only her arms, which she threw aloft in her despair, which would indeed have been as fragile in her defence as a rotten reed. Her tender body would have broken bars of brass, and horns that might have transfixed an animal of its own size. As I have said, directly towards the unprotected young lady the bull drove forward; with steadfast eye he came on, he mistook his mark not an inch; for as the multitude behind yelled their horror, he dashed with prodigious strength and madness against her.

Ney.—An officer asked him one day (says the Memories just published, if he had ever been afraid; thus summing up in a single word that profound indifference to danger, that forgetfulness of death, that tension of mind, and that mental labor so necessary to a general-in-chief upon the field of battle. "I have never had time," was the Marshal's reply.

"This indifference, however, did not prevent him from noticing in others those slight shades of weakness from which very few soldiers are wholly exempt. An officer was one day making a report to him: a cannon ball passed so close to them, that the officer bent his head as if by instinct to avoid it nevertheless, he continued his report without betraying any emotion. 'Very well,' said the Marshal; 'but another time don't make so low a bow.'"

[N. Y. Standard.]

The Sweet Blade-Bone.—When Charles II. wished to buy up Andrew Marvell, he sent to the patriot, Lord Danby, the treasurer, with an earnest of the purchase money. His Lordship was the bearer of a thousand guineas, and having found Marvell at his lodging, a second floor in a court in the Strand, the golden offer was made. Hereupon, we are told, Marvell turned to his servant—"What had I for dinner yesterday?" "A shoulder of mutton, sir." "And what do you allow me to-day?" "Part of it hashed." "And to-morrow, my Lord Danby," said Marvell, "I shall have the sweet blade-bone broiled." His lordship descended the staircase with the thousand guineas, and Andrew Marvell remained unbought.

Murdering the King's English.—A wealthy owner of real estate was about erecting a splendid house upon a large lot, and was disclosing the plan of it to his neighbour. "I have employed," said he, "a man which has executed many buildings; and my design is, for to have him erect an edifice with a beautiful Portico in front on the street, and a Pizarro behind, with a bath-house contiguous!"

Worthy of Imitation.—The editor of the Cincinnati Republican, after announcing the marriage of a couple at that city, thus rejoices over his own good fortune:—

"Accompanying this announcement, was a large, rich, luscious bride cake!—whole bride cake—none of your peices? And what is more—and what will make all our brother editors, from Lake Erie to the Gulf of Mexico, stare with admiration—two bottles of ruddy wine!"

A horse-dealer had a son, who being a lad of spirit, proposed, as a novel expedient, to open a stable on the principle of strictly honest dealing; but the father, who was a prudent man, discouraged the idea, observing, "that he disliked speculation."—[Gleanings from the Scrap Book of the Author of Sydenham.]

MARRIED.

In Canton, by Aaron Brown, Esq. Mr. Luther Rich of Hartford, to Miss Calista Hodges of the former place.

In Canton, by Aaron Brown, Esq. Mr. Daniel Walker of Livermore, to Miss Susanah C. Brown of Canton.

New Goods!

ISAAC HARLOW has this day received from Boston, a large assortment of **BOOTS AND SHOES** of almost every description which will be sold much lower than were ever before offered in this County. Also—a general assortment of Boston, New York, and Country made **HATS** from \$1.50 cents to \$5; a large assortment of **QUILTS**, new style, very splendid; a general assortment of **STREET COATS** & **MUSCULINEANOUS** **BOOKS**; **STATIONERY** & **BLANKETS**. The subscriber is agent for a great number of **Penetrations** most of which he can furnish at his store free of Postage. Paris, Sept. 16, 1833. 3w 5

To the Hon. County Commissioners for the Counties of Cumberland and Oxford.

THE subscribers inhabitants of said Counties of Cumberland and Oxford, would respectfully represent, that a public road or highway is needed, to commence near the head waters of the Cumberland and Oxford Canal in the town of Bridgton, thence northerly and westerly through lands owned by Isaiah Smith and others, till it strikes the road leading from Waterford to Lovell, thence on the most convenient ground till it strikes the road leading through Sweden to Lovell.—Your petitioners defer entering into a minute detail of the important advantages that would result to the public from the opening said road, as they will be better understood by you after you have viewed the route which has been explored and designated by individuals of the towns of Bridgton, Sweden, &c. But would state that the road would open a very convenient and easy communication with a large tract of timberlands situated in Sweden, Lovell, Batchelders Grant, Chatham, Fryeburg Addition, &c.—much facilitating the transportation of said timber after it is manufactured, to the waters of the canal—also making a free and easy communication for the transportation of merchandise from said canal waters to an already large and increasing population. Your petitioners therefore request that the Commissioners of said Counties in concert would appoint a time to meet, explore and lay out said road. **SAMUEL ANDREWS & 46 others.**

STATE OF MAINE.

CUMBERLAND, ss.
At a Court of the County Commissioners for the County of Cumberland, at their session begun and holden at Portland, within and for the County of Cumberland, on the first Tuesday of June, A. D. 1833.

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, That the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at Samuel Andrews' store in Bridgton, on Tuesday the fifth day of November next, at 9 o'clock A. M. when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition, and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said petition and this order of notice thereon to be served on the town Clerks of each of said towns through which the said route passes, and also by posting up copies of the same in three public places in each of said towns, and publishing the same three weeks successively in the Eastern Argus and Portland Advertiser, newspapers printed in said Portland, the first of said publications and each of the other notices, to be at least thirty days before the time of said meeting; and also by causing an attested copy of said petition to be served upon the Chairman of the County Commissioners of the County of Oxford, and upon the County Attorneys for the Counties of Cumberland and Oxford, and by causing notice to be served upon all persons and corporations interested, in said County of Oxford, by publishing said petition and order thereon in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris in said County of Oxford thirty days at least before the time of such meeting and view, that all persons may then and there be present and shew cause if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest, WM. T. VAUGHAN, Clerk.
Copy of the petition & order of Court thereon.
Attest, WM. T. VAUGHAN, Clerk.
3w 7

Sheriff's Sale.

TAKEN on execution and for sale at Public Auction, on Thursday the seventh day of November next at twelve of the clock at noon, at the Inn of John Walker in Livermore, all the right in Equity of redemption which Luther Pike of Jay, in said county, has of redeeming the following Real Estate situated in said Jay, to wit: A certain tract of land with the buildings thereon standing, being the same now occupied by the family of the above named Luther Pike and the same that the said Pike Mortgaged to the trustees of Phillips Academy in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

ISAAC PARK, Dept. Sh'ff.
Paris, Sept. 20, 1833. 3w 7

Commissioners' Notice.

THE subscribers having been appointed by the Hon. Stephen Emery Judge of Probate in and for the County of Oxford, Commissioners to receive and examine all the claims of the several creditors to the estate of Dudley W. Gale, late of Number Seven in said County, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months from the 27th day of August last are allowed to said creditors for bringing in and proving their debts; and for that purpose we shall be in session at the dwelling house of Simeon C. Gleason in Mexico, in said County, on the last Saturday of December, January and February next, from one till five o'clock in the afternoon of said days.

**LEVI STOWELL, } Comm's
BENJ. EDWARDS, }**
Mexico, Sept. 21, 1833. 3w 7

One Cent Reward!

RAN away from the subscriber, my son William Wood.—All persons are forbid harboring or trusting him on my account, as I shall pay no debts of his contracting after this date. **PHINEAS WOOD**
Rumford, September 9, 1833.

To the County Commissioners of the County of Kennebec, now in session at Augusta, April Term, 1833.

We the undersigned re-

spectfully represent, that the roads as now travelled from Chauvry's Mills, in Livermore, in the County of Oxford, to Augusta, the Seat of Government, and to all the market towns on the Kennebec river, pass over several high and tedious hills, which render the travel very inconvenient, especially for loaded teams,—that this inconvenience would be greatly diminished, and the ease of conveying lumber, produce, &c. from the back towns to the Kennebec river, would be greatly promoted by locating and making a road from Chanery's Mills aforesaid, in a southerly direction by Morrison's Store in Livermore, thence by Cames' Corner in Fayette, thence in a direction to cross the thirty mile stream near Smith's Mills in Wayne,—thence by Solomon Lombard's in Readfield, thence in a direction to cross Winthrop Pond at the Narrows,—thence to the road leading from Winthrop village to the Cross Roads in Hallowell, to intersect said road at some point not far distant from the Baptist Meetinghouse in Winthrop. They therefore pray you to view and locate a road on the above mentioned route, making such deviations from the abovementioned intermediate points, and embracing such parts of roads that are now travelled, as you shall deem proper: and as in duty bound will ever pray.
(Signed) **SAMUEL MORRISON**
and 126 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

Kennebec, ss.
Court of County Commissioners, April, Term 1833.

ON the Petition aforesaid, satisfactory evidence having been received that the petitioners are responsible, and ought to be heard touching the matter set forth in said petition, it is Ordered, that the County Commissioners of the County of Oxford be requested to meet the Commissioners of this County at Coorren's Tavern in Livermore, in said County of Oxford, on Wednesday the twentieth day of November next at ten o'clock A. M. for the purpose of thence proceeding to view the route mentioned in said petition; immediately after which view, a hearing of the parties and witnesses will be had, and such further measures taken in the premises as the Commissioners shall adjudged to be proper.—And it is further ordered that notice be given, to all persons and corporations interested, of the time place and purposes of said meeting, by causing attested copies of said petition and of this order thereon to be served upon the County Attorney and chairman of the County Commissioners of said County of Oxford, and upon the respective Clerks of the towns of Livermore, Fayette, Wayne, Winthrop and Readfield, and also posted up in three public places in each of said towns, and published in the Eastern Argus, being the public newspaper issued by the printer to the State, and in the Age, a newspaper printed in the County of Kennebec, and in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed in the County of Oxford. All of said notices to be served, posted up, and published thirty days at least before the time of said meeting; that all Corporations and persons interested may attend and be heard, if they see cause.

Attest: **J. A. CHANDLER, Clerk.**
A true copy of the petition and order of Court thereon.
Attest: **J. A. CHANDLER, Clerk.**

Last Notice.

THE subscribers having relinquished business in this town, and being about to leave the place, hereby call upon all persons indebted to them to make immediate payment. The creditors of the subscribers are pressing hard upon them and they have no way to meet the demands against them, but by calling upon such of their former customers as are still indebted. This notice should not be disregarded, for we must and shall collect our debts; and all concerned are assured, that our books and notes will be left with an attorney for settlement, from and after the first day of November next. **FORD & THAYER.**
Paris, Sept. 6, 1833. 1f 5

Attention.

THE subscriber being about to close his business in this town, offers for sale his whole STOCK of GOODS at COST, without charges, in lots to suit purchasers. It consists of a good assortment of **Hard ware, Crockery ware, American, English, Silk and Fancy Goods, Books and Stationery, Drugs and Medicines.** In order to show the public that there is no mistake, he will sell at the following prices, viz: Cotton warp, warranted good, No 7, at 24 cts. No. 8, at 25 cts. No. 9, at 26 cts., and higher numbers in proportion. Brown Shirtings at 7 cts. per yard, Brown Sheetings at 10 cts., Sattinets at 42 cts., Broad Cloths from \$1.25 to 4.00. Good Cut Nails at 6 cts. per pound, 12 lb Good Sugar for a dollar. Tea Sets from 1.50 to 3.00. China Tea Sets from 3.00 to 4.00. Teachers and others may find new and popular School Books now in use in this vicinity, at the publishers lowest wholesale prices. **Blank, Writing paper, Wrapping paper, &c.** In short, every thing will be sold at the actual cost, as the subscriber is determined to leave the place in a very short time.—A rare opportunity, and liberal credit is offered to any person who may wish to purchase the whole establishment. **E. LIVERMORE.**
Norway-Village, Sept. 24, 1833. 16w 6

NOTICE.

THE public are hereby cautioned against purchasing a note signed by the subscriber and Zebedeo Cushman of Oxford to Daniel Cummings of Paris, for twenty five dollars, dated sometime in March last.—As said note was given without any consideration and will not be paid by us.
ARATUS CALDWELL.
Oxford, Sept. 17, 1833. 3w 6

INFLUENCE OF RELIGION ON THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

The most attractive of the lesser influence of religion is that upon female character and beauty. Its effect upon the former is generally allowed, though still, rather as an abstract truth than a rule of practice; but upon the latter it is not too much to say that every possible manner and every cast of feature is improved by it, and that, not to the eye of the religious enthusiast only, but to every eye that can take pleasure in beauty. From the vivid spirit of the belle to the slimming eye of the school girl, and this without changing or surpassing one essential characteristic, there is no form of loveliness that religion does not heighten and adorn. I am far from referring now to any look of sanctimoniousness or unnatural gravity—farther still from commending that entire forgetfulness of every other duty, and that fanatical exclusiveness to religion to which the enthusiastic of woman sometimes leads her. I would have no innocent feeling suppressed, no timely mirth checked, no gaiety, or motion, or impulse, that a young heart may yield to without awakening a blush, fettered or stayed. I would have no restraint at all put upon the manner, save such as her own chastened feelings and natural taste dictated and approved; but leaving it entirely to its native and beautiful impulses, I would have a sense of God's presence seated in the heart; a mild but deep sentiment of religious observation pervading every hour of amusement as well as duty; a remembrance that is neither a positive thought or a possible forgetfulness; a floating consciousness of religious obligation—habitual and constant. I do not know that I can describe the effect of such a feeling. It differs with the thousand differences of manner and beauty. It softens without suppressing the hilarity of the gay, and dignifies the timidity of the young without removing its winning grace. Female manner itself, is of all things the most indescribable, and it would be vain to attempt a minute description of an influence so vanishing and rare upon its thousand changes. There is a nameless something however, running through female manner; found wherever it is delicate and lovely; something that is not reserve nor coyness, but is like a soft shadow in a picture, or a mist upon still water, or a half-transparent drapery upon a figure of grace; something I know not what, which breathes through every motion and sentiment of its possessor, and without which, to a refined taste, there can be no loveliness and no delicacy; and this vanishing and rare and indescribable as it is, is the invaluable gift of religion—the result, I had almost said the test of its inward influence. It fits through the expression of the face like a shadow, and comes at times over the brightness of the eye, and affects without checking every change of the color or motion. It is not delicacy, but a phantasm of something like it that is purer; it is not softness, or cheerfulness, or sweet temper, but a refinement of all these—an indefinable essence of a grace as lovely as it is nameless. How many women have I seen who but for the want of this single quality, were among the brightest and best of their sex! How many, who, possessed of beauty and talent and every polite accomplishment, passed on unadmired, no one could tell, though every one felt why—denied the meed which others far less beautiful and talented and accomplished than themselves, were winning, and totally unconscious of a deficiency of which was too subtle to be explained, and which when nature has denied it, religion can supply.

[American Monthly Magazine.]

CHAISES, SLEIGHS, &c.

THE Subscriber has established himself at Stowell's Mills, South Paris, where he carries on the COACH and CHAIRS business in all its branches, in the most fashionable style and the best manner. Carriages repaired and painted at short notice and on reasonable terms. For sale, one good second hand Chaise and Harness, and two common Waggon.

Aug. 5, 1833. [Signature]

GOOD & CHEAP.

JAMES LONGLEY offers for Sale at his Store in South Paris, a good assortment of English, French, Domestic, Dry Goods, and Groceries. Crockery, Glass, and Hard Ware. Said goods are low as Portland prices, except heavy articles, such as Molasses, Salt, &c.

Cash Paid for Corn, Butter, and Lamb Pelts. South-Paris, August 27, 1833.

TO THOSE AFFECTED WITH CORNS.

THE celebrated ALBION CORN PLASTER affords instant relief, and at the same time dissolves and draws Corns out by the roots, without the least pain. CAUTION.—Do not those afflicted with Corns on their feet to certify that I have used the Albion Corn Plaster with complete success. Before I had used one for many years, I made this public for the benefit of those afflicted with that painful complaint. Wm. S. W. Flushing, L. I. Feb. 22.

Price 50 cents per box.

DR. KELPE'S AROMATIC PILLS, FOR FEMALES.

They purify the blood, quicken its circulation, assist the suspended operations of nature, and are a general remedy for the prevailing complaints among the female. The Green Sickness, Palpitation of the Heart, Giddiness, Short Breath, Sinking of the Spirits, Dejection and Disinclination to exercise and Society. Married ladies will find the Pills equally useful, except in cases of pregnancy, when they must not be taken; neither must they be taken by persons of hectic or consumptive habit. Price \$1.50 a box.

Also the celebrated CAMBRIAN TOOTHACHE PILLS, which give immediate relief, without the least injury to the teeth. On trial this will be found one of the best remedies known for this complaint. Price 50 cents a box.

None are genuine unless signed on the outside printed wrapper, by the sole proprietor, F. KIDDER, For sale at his Consulting Room, over No. 59, Court-st., near Concert Hall, Boston, and also by his special appointment, by E. LIVERMORE, Norway Village, who has also for sale all of the justly celebrated medicines prepared by him.

Aug. 5.

PROSPECTUS OF THE Complete Periodical LIBRARY.

Forty-eight pages weekly—nearly 2,500 Octavo pages a year, for Five Dollars, furnishing annually select reading equal to fifty volumes of common size.

The Library will contain nearly all the new works of merit as they appear: Voyages and Travels—History—Biography—Select Memoirs—the most approved European Annals—Adventures—Tales of unexceptionable character, &c. &c.

THE "Complete Periodical Library," will be found indispensable to all lovers of good reading, in town or country. Every number will contain 48 pages, in a size expressly adapted for binding, when the book is completed—printed with type so large as not to fatigue the weakest eye. Its immense size will enable the editor to crowd any common sized book into two numbers, frequently into one. New works will thus be despatched as they arrive from Europe, and set off fresh to its patrons. The subscriber in Missouri will be brought as it were to the very fountain head of literature. Works printed in this Library will be furnished to him, when without it, he would be wholly unable to procure them. A book that will cost six dollars to import, can be reprinted and distributed to subscribers, owing to our peculiar facilities, for about twenty cents, with the important addition of its being fresh and new.

We shall give near 2,500 pages annually, equal to fifty common sized books! Every work published in the Library will be complete in itself. A title page will be given with each volume, so that the subscriber, if he please, may sell, or give it away, without injury to any of the others; or it may be bound up at the pleasure of the subscriber.

This work presents an extraordinary feature unknown to any other periodical in the country. The subscription price may be considered a mere loan for a year, as the work, at the year's end will sell for cost, and in many parts of the United States it will bring double its original cost to the subscriber.

The works published in "The Complete Periodical Library" will be of the highest character, both as regards the author and his subject. New works of approved merit, will be sent out to the Editor by every arrival from Europe, giving him an unlimited field to select from, while care will be taken to make his publication equal any thing of the kind in America. The first number will be issued on the 5th of May next, and regularly every Wednesday thereafter, secured in handsome printed covers, and on fine white paper at \$5 per annum, payable in advance. Clubs remitting \$20 will be supplied with five copies for that sum; agents at the same rate. Address

T. K. GREENBANK.

No. 9, Franklin Place, Philadelphia.

At a Court of Probate held at Livermore within and for the County of Oxford, on the nineteenth day of September in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.

ON the petition of Rene Washburn administrator of the estate of David Washburn late of Livermore in said County, Esquire, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death by the sum of one thousand and fifty-three dollars and thirty-one cents, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

ORDERED—That the petitioner give notice to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the third Tuesday of October next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

COPY, ATTEST: JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Rumford within and for the County of Oxford, on the eighteenth day of September in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.

SAMUEL COLE Guardian of Luther Pike of Jay in said County, Spendthrift, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said spendthrift—ORDERED—That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the third Tuesday of October next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

COPY, ATTEST: JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Rumford within and for the County of Oxford, on the sixteenth day of September in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.

GEORGE V. ELLINGWOOD Administrator of the estate of Jonathan G. Swan late of Bethel, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased—

ORDERED—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of October next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

COPY, ATTEST: JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator with the will annexed on the estate of

ELIAS BARTLETT, late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him.

NATHAN KNAPP.

Rumford, Sept. 16, 1833.

At a Court of Probate held at Rumford within and for the County of Oxford, on the twentieth day of September in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.

ELISHA BARTLETT Administrator of the estate of William Russell late of Bethel, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased, and also his own private account against said estate—

ORDERED—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the third Tuesday of October next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

COPY, ATTEST: JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Livermore within and for the County of Oxford, on the nineteenth day of September in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.

JAMES CHASE Administrator of the estate of Ebenezer Pitts late of Livermore in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased—

ORDERED—That the administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of October next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

COPY, ATTEST: JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Livermore within and for the County of Oxford, on the nineteenth day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three.

REUEL WASHBURN Executor of the last Will and Testament of James G. Walker late of Livermore, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased, and his own private account against said estate.

ORDERED—That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the third Tuesday of October next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

COPY, ATTEST: JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

Published at the Athenian Buildings.

EMBRACING IN EVERY NUMBER NINETEEN SIX PAGES, ROYAL OCTAVO SIZE—THE CONTENTS OF WHICH, MADE UP OF THE MOST POPULAR NEW NOVELS, COMPRISE IN THE COURSE OF THE YEAR READING MATTER EQUAL IN QUANTITY TO 4,500 PAGES OF THE LONDON EDITION. THE WHOLE FOR FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, NEATLY FOLDED AND STITCHED IN COVERS.

THIS work has been in circulation 6 months, and from the entire and general satisfaction which has been given by the popularity of its contents, and the beauty of its typographical appearance, it has already attained a permanent standing among the periodicals of the day. A new and improved edition will be commenced immediately on the completion of the present volume. The character of the work will be more properly understood by a reference to the titles of the novels which are contained in the volumes about to be finished—among them are the following viz.—

Henry, Masterton, or the adventures of a Young Cavalier; The Enchantress; The Talisman; The Knife; Theresa; Rebecca; Experiments; or the Lover from Ennui; An Evening at Lucy Ashton's; Belinda; or the Love Letter; Woman and Fame; by Mrs. Hemans; The Adventures of Barney Mahoney; Clan Albin, a Scottish Novel; Marriage in high Life; The Mourning Ring; A Year and a Day; The Upstart; an original Tale; Cyril Thornton; Mademoiselle De Seudrey; Schirfstein Castle; The Sisters; &c. &c.

The publishers have offered five hundred dollars for the best American Novel. The period for receiving the articles which will be offered in competition for the premium has nearly approached, and the probability is from the numerous applications received on the subject, that the best means will be afforded of selecting one highly calculated to enhance the present celebrity of the work. The unsuccessful novels are to be returned at the discretion of their different authors.

The price of the Magazine is five dollars per annum, payable in advance. A more particular and general description of its appearance and character will be afforded by application to the publishers. C. ALEXANDER & Co. Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place Phila.

A TOWNSHIP OF LAND ON THE ANDROSOGGIN WATERS.

ON THURSDAY, the 3d of October, at 12 o'clock A. M. at the office of GEORGE WILLIS, in the town of Portland, Me.—Will be sold at PUBLIC VENDUE the whole of Township No. 4 in the third range between Bingham's purchase and the New Hampshire line in the County of Oxford containing 21,000 acres as per survey of Ballard & Perham in the year 1794.

This township is situated south of latitude 46 degrees, and north of lake Moosemeagantic, into which empties the river Keepsuptic, which runs through the middle of the township from the northwest corner thereof to the south line, and which together with its tributary streams, and the stream Kennabago (running through the east part of said town) afford good navigation for floating timber into the lake and down the Androsoggin river.

This township has advantages supposed equal to any unsettled town in the State, the particulars of which will no doubt be ascertained by those who desire to purchase. The terms will be liberal and made known at the place of sale. Title unquestionable.—Further particulars may be known by enquiry of Wm. WILLIS, Portland, Sale without reserve.

GEORGE WILLIS, Auctioneer.

Aug. 29, 1833.

THE ENGRAVER Flowers of Polite Literature; DEVOTED TO ORIGINAL AND SELECTED TALES, LEGENDS, ESSAYS, TRAVELLING AND HISTORICAL MISCELLANY, AND POETRY.

EMBELLISHED MONTHLY WITH A PIECE OF FASHIONABLE MUSIC FOR THE PIANO-FORTE; OR, AN ENGRAVING QUARTERLY.

PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, BY JOSEPH HURLBUT.

EDITED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF GENTLEMEN.

VOLUME III. FIRST NUMBER, JULY 6.

EACH number will contain Eight large quarto pages of valuable and interesting matter on a super-royal sheet of fine paper, embellished Monthly with a piece of Fashionable Music for the Piano Forte, or an Engraving Quarterly, or both as we may hereafter decide. A handsome Title Page and Index will be furnished, and the work at the end of the year will form a beautifully printed volume of Two Hundred and Eight pages. It will be done up in strong wrappers, and forwarded by the earliest mails.

TERMS.—One Dollar and Fifty cents per annum, in advance, or One Dollar and Seventy five Cents, if not paid till the end of the year.

Post Masters and Agents who shall take 5 copies, will receive them for \$5 in advance, and at that rate for all over five. Any person sending ten subscribers, and \$10 in advance, shall receive the eleventh copy gratis.

The very low price of this paper will require a strict adherence to the terms.

All Letters of business, and remittances must be made to the Publisher.

Communications may be directed to the Editor.

Postage, in all cases, must be paid, otherwise it will be charged to those neglecting it.

Hartford, Connecticut, June 1, 1833.

The Spy

AND SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

THE unprecedented success of the SPY—there having been nearly seventeen hundred subscribers received since its commencement, in July last—is the best evidence of the estimation it has secured in the public mind. While the present proprietors will pursue the course which has conferred such eminent popularity on their predecessors, they will also use every endeavour to give the SPY, if possible, a spirit of greater vigour, variety, and originality, than has been heretofore achieved. This publication is intended as a satirical observer and corrector of the morals and manners of the day. Satire is a most effective and powerful weapon in the hands of a judicious tactician, and may be used on any occasion with advantage, but particularly upon the vices or follies of the community. The respectable responsibility assumed, is a sufficient guarantee for its utility and excellence; and for the total expulsion from its columns of that scurrility which blunts the edge of satire, and deprives it of its purifying agency. Literature and the Drama will be sharers of its columns, and all that is serviceable to the progress of useful information and moral improvement will receive its warm advocacy.

The terms are \$2 per annum; payable in advance, or \$2.50, if not paid before the expiration of six months.

Agents will be allowed a discount of 10 per cent, on all subscribers they obtain, by remitting or becoming responsible for the same. They will be also entitled to a copy of the paper gratuitously.

All orders must be addressed (post paid) to W. C. ARMSTRONG & CO. No. 1 Athenian Buildings.

Editors with whom we exchange and who advertise the Spy, will confer a particular favor by noting the change, and inserting the above.

Sheriff's Notice.

Oxford, ss:

TAKEN on execution

and will be sold at public vendue, on Saturday the twelfth day of October next, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the Inn of William Estes in Bethel, all the right and equity which Timothy M. Swan has to redeem the right in equity to redeem certain real estate situated on Bethel hill, so called, in said Bethel, bounded as follows viz: southwesterly by land owned by John Harris, westerly by land owned by the heirs of Jacob Ellingswood, northerly by land owned by Ezra T. Russell, and easterly by the County road. Said real estate having been mortgaged by said Swan to one Amasa Clark, of said Bethel, for security for the payment of about one hundred and eighty six dollars, and the right of equity to redeem the same having been sold to the said Clark for the sum of seventy six dollars.—Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

TIMOTHY WIGHT, Deft. Sheriff.

Bethel, Sept. 11, 1833.

SALE OF PUBLIC LANDS IN THE COUNTY OF OXFORD.

THE township of land numbered one in the second range, and the south half of township numbered one, in the third range of townships west of Bingham's Kenton, will be offered for sale, at public auction, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, on Tuesday the first day of October next, at the Augusta Hotel in Augusta, the remainder of four equal annual payments with annuities, or by a lien on the land and timber. Satisfactory assurances that the terms of the sale shall be complied with, will be required.

DANIEL ROSE, Land Agent of Maine.

August, 1, 1833.

THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER, The Largest Journal printed in the United States, At \$2 per annum.

IF it most generally occurs that the path of a public journal to popularity and success lies through years of toil and attention, and that the approbation of the public is of a slow and precarious growth, and does not in all cases reward the enterprise of the cultivator, it is chiefly ascribable to the want of that judgment and discrimination so essential to that end, and which seldom fail to obtain a just remuneration: This observation is fully confirmed by the experience which the Proprietors of the Saturday Courier have hitherto enjoyed. Knowing the causes which have impeded the progress, and frequently terminated the very existence of many newspaper journals, they were enabled to avoid them, and in an unusually short period to see the triumph of their opinions and exertions in an extent of circulation, which whether regarding numbers of rapidity, is equally flattering. This circulation has, in less than two years, increased to upwards of seventeen thousand copies, and all still continues to increase in favor and utility.

The advantages possessed by the Courier are peculiar to itself, and are equally apparent in every branch of its miscellaneous contents, which are always novel and useful, entertaining and instructive. LITERATURE.—This department of the Courier is under a watchful and spirited superintendence, so that no paper unpossessed of decided merit, is admissible. On a recent occasion a PRIZE TALE was published, for which the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS was paid, and, to secure original and sterling contributions, other inducements have been offered. The correspondents of the Courier are numerous and distinguished. Among them are Miss Leslie, (whose writings are the theme of European as well as American admiration,) R. P. Smith, Esq. so advantageously known as a Dramatist and Novelist; Mrs. C. L. Hentz, author of De Lara, the successful prize tragedy; Miss Bacon, the author of the pathetic tale "Love's Martyr;" and many others, who, under fictitious signatures have obtained very distinguished celebrity. Added to these high sources of original contributions, their exchange list includes the most valuable American journals, whilst from abroad they regularly receive Bulwer's New Monthly, Campbell's Metropolitan, Fraser's Magazine, London Literary Gazette, Blackwood, La Belle Assemblee, World of Fashion, United Service Journal, &c. and through Mr. Wilmer, their agent at Liverpool, the choicest of the English papers, including the John Bull, Bell's Life in London, &c. &c.

NEWS.—The strictest attention is bestowed on this subject. Aware of the importance of the political events which are daily occurring, changing like the manners and the institutions of the world, the proprietors invariably furnish all foreign intelligence to the latest dates, and when its nature warrants it, an extra is published. Our domestic affairs are assiduously observed and carefully communicated, and in addition to a minute statement of local transactions, a synopsis of events passing in all parts of the country is regularly prepared and published.

HUMOROUS SUBJECTS.—Could the philosophy of mirth be discussed, or rather exhibited within the limits of a prospectus, the necessity of admitting its claim to a portion of every newspaper, would be minutely understood; but the good old motto "dum vivimus vivamus," will be sufficient reasoning for those who value the best part of existence.

THE COURIER will, as usual, contain the newest and most piquant anecdotes, bon-mots, and witty recitals, all tending to fill up the leisure moments of the man of business with rational pleasure, and to increase that of the man of fashion.

THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT embraces reviews of new publications, notices of the fine arts, &c.; remarks on general topics, descriptions of public improvements, amusements, &c.; discussions of suitable subjects, dramatic criticisms &c. This department has been, and will continue to be conducted in a spirit of independence. Whatever comes fairly within observation, shall be fairly dealt with, and no station or influence will deter the prompt and decided expression of unbiased opinion.

In fine, the SATURDAY COURIER is the largest, cheapest, and most diversified, entertaining, and instructive weekly newspaper issued from the American press. The publishers claim for its contents a character of vigorous originality, judicious selection, extensive variety, and interesting detail; and they invite comparison with contemporary publications.

All orders for the paper, covering the necessary enclosures, must be addressed to

WOODWARD & SPRAGG,

No. 2 Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, Philadelphia.

PREMIUMS.

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